THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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LET CATHOLICS TAKE WARNING!

WE HAVE expressed our views elsewhere (see Week by Week comment) on the persecution of the German Jews, which we deplore and condemn.

We consider it our chief duty, however, to call attention to the fact that, perilous to the best interests of society as the anti-Semitic outburst in Germany undoubtedly is, far greater and more destructive and even bloody outrages have been and still are directed against Catholics and their human rights of personal freedom, and against the rights and liberties and property of their Church, in such countries as Mexico and Spain and Russia—yet no effective or adequate public protests against such outrages have been made either by the American Catholic laity, or by their Protestant and Jewish fellow citizens, or the various non-partizan liberal organizations for defending and upholding human rights. A world-wide revolution against Christianity and its culture is proceeding. That revolution, in Russia, attacks all forms of religion, and spreads its attack to other lands. And nothing adequate is being done about it, even in mere protest; even in expressions of human sympathy for the millions of hapless victims of the atheistic cliques which have seized power in Mexico, Spain and Russia.

Only a few months ago, the committee of archbishops representing all the Catholic bishops of the United States issued an appeal to their fellow American citizens on the subject of Mexico. They, as the authoritative leaders of twenty million American Catholics, begged their Protestant and Jewish neighbors to pay some attention to the utterly lawless and ruthless persecution of the Mexican Catholics, and to give some measure of moral support to those Mexican Catholics who are being outraged in their most sacred and vital human rights at the very doors of the United States. Only a few days ago, news came from Spain that the final act of the incredibly brutal farce, by means of which the clique which control Spain seek to give a crude color of legality to their tremendous robbery of the Church, had been played out. The subservient Cortes passed a "law" confirming the edict of the clique to "nationalize" all Church property—"worth" more than five hundred millions of dollars to the robbers; but precious with the heritage of nearly two thousand years of sacred traditions to those who have been robbed. And now the Catholics whose fathers and forefathers built and endowed the temples of their faith must see them pass into the hands of atheistic

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politicians and grafters. All are gone—all except, of course, the scores of churches, and convents, and schools, and museums, and laboratories which gangs of terrorists blew up or burnt down a year ago. And not a word of sympathy for the outraged Catholics of Mexico or Spain is heard from Protestant, or Jewish, or "liberal" organizations, or individuals, or from the secular press. We have not seen a single editorial mention of the archbishop's appeal for Mexico in any secular or non-Catholic paper. No League of Human Rights, no Committee on Religious Rights or Minorities, no committee of eminent leaders of the liberal opinion of this great democracy—so far as we are aware—seems to think that the persecution of Catholics and the Catholic Church in Mexico and Spain, or the absolute war on all religion in Russia, concerns it at all. Two or three years ago there was an outburst of public opinion against the persecution of all religions in Russia; but what has since occurred in Spain and Mexico has been received in unbroken silence. Well, if the same organized and ever-growing revolution against religion which has conquered Russia, which has seized at least temporary power in Spain and Mexico, should ever (which God forbid!) reach these shores, Protestants and Jews and all "liberals" will quickly find themselves in the same boat with the Catholics, and that boat will be headed for the rocks of destruction.

Why this appalling indifference to the situation in Mexico and Spain? Why this tame acquiescence in the matter of Russian persecution of all religions, while liberals, and even many religious leaders, plead for the diplomatic recognition of the Soviet government? Do Protestants and Jews and liberals in their hearts approve of the denial of human rights to Mexican and Spanish Catholics? Well, maybe a few deluded "liberals" may believe that the Catholic Church is only getting what should, according to their views, be coming to it, even if their own supposed principles of liberty and justice be incidentally abrogated. But intelligent and humane Protestants and Jews, and all liberals who really keep a spark of respect for human rights alive in their hearts, cannot and of course do not approve—on the contrary, as individuals, they are deeply shocked.

Why, then, their corporate silence, and official indifference?

Chiefly because of the fault—the very great fault—of American Catholics.

For, like everything else in this complex and quickly moving modern world, public opinion is nothing but a vague, voiceless, impotent emotion, unless or until it has been organized, made articulate, given facts to digest and assimilate, and supplied with channels for its operation.

The Jewish Agency, for example, has its trained journalists throughout the world. It publishes a daily newspaper. No advertising in that little but powerful sheet! Nothing but verifiable, properly presented facts and reasonable editorial opinions. That paper goes to the desk of people who really mold and control the organized forces of public opinion. Its world-wide despatches are accepted by newspapers everywhere. World-wide Jewry is thus made articulate and has won the right to have its views respectfully considered because of the accurate, professional competence of its system of journalism, supplemented by active, vigorous, Jewish organizations, and Jewish representation on inter-faith organizations, by able men who know how to muster and direct great masses of moral force. Propaganda? Yes, of course—but propaganda in the legitimate, honorable, reasonable, humane sense of the word. The Jewish Agency could not long exist if it did not do its splendid work competently and honorably. And the Protestant organizations, and the inter-confessional and non-partizan leagues, are equally well organized.

But the Catholics? They have no lay instrumentality at all comparable for efficiency with the Jewish Agency, or the Protestant and inter-sectarian or liberal organizations. Great Jews like Einstein justly support and praise the Jewish Agency. But do our leading American Catholic laymen actively and effectively support the National Catholic Welfare Conference, including the news bureau of that organization? Have they a really well equipped and technically adequate board or committee of laymen to give financial, moral and professional support to the Catholic Welfare Conference? Notoriously, the tragic answer is, "No!" Nor do leading lay Catholics, in sufficient numbers or through a well-organized committee, work to safeguard Catholic interests, and to coöperate with inter-confessional and non-partizan civic organizations which try to uphold the human rights of religious, civic and personal liberties now being so savagely assaulted in so many parts of the world.

Only a few days ago, for example, a call to the Protestant churches to carry on a campaign to combat Communism in Central and South America and "to assume the leadership there which the Roman Catholic Church seems to have lost" was contained in the annual report of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, signed by Robert S. Speer, senior secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and Dr. Samuel Guy Inman. These men predict an "advancing chaos" in South and Central America. Communism is active in "Mexico, Central America, Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, Chile, Uruguay and Argentina." Russia is aiding the native leaders of Communism "by the sending of emissaries or money. . . . There is no power to check this movement except a systematic, continental, aggressive, Christian campaign. . . . Protestantism should take advantage of the present circumstances and crisis by conducting a great continental campaign." American Protestants have already poured hundreds of millions of dollars into Latin America, with very meager results so far as spreading Protestant Christianity is concerned, but

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with very disastrous results affecting the unity and stability of Latin American culture. With all due respect to the high ethical and moral character of our Protestant friends, as individuals, or their stabilizing influence as groups in the countries of a Protestant culture, nothing but social disaster can follow any really extensive promotion of Protestantism amidst a Catholic people. The astounding assurance—not to use a franker yet harsher term—with which these Protestant missionaries inform the American public that "the Roman Catholic Church seems to have lost its leadership in the Latin American countries," should be met promptly and effectively with trustworthy accounts of the actual conditions, but we know in advance that this will not be done. It cannot be done. American Catholics lack the instruments for that purpose. Take the case of Mexico, not to go further south; Mexico, right at our doors, a country where martyrdoms have taken place under our eyes. There is a long list of books condemning or severely criticizing the Church in Mexico—by Saenz, Gruening, Anita Bremner, Carleton Beals, and many others. But there are no books (in English) at all comparable to the formidable array of anti-Catholic books. There is no adequate Catholic literary exposition of the case for the Church. And the blame rests squarely on the shoulders of American Catholics. Because it is their duty as Catholics to explain and defend—if necessary to aid in the reformation of—their Church in any country where it is unjustly assailed, or where it needs the moral and material aid of the largest and richest and most favorably situated body of Catholics anywhere in the world.

American Catholics should awaken. They should frankly take a lesson from their Jewish and Protestant friends. They should organize for real action. Not only for their own sakes, and for the sake of the honor and prestige and safety of their Church, their spiritual and moral inspiration and guide, but also for the sake of the society of which they are a part—this Western civilization which now requires for its preservation precisely those principles of personal and corporate liberty which it has derived from Christianity, and lacking which it can only lapse back into the tyranny of absolute state control and the degradation of economic slavery which were universal in the world until the advent of Christianity.

But they—the American Catholics—are wofully unorganized for the purposes of legitimate propaganda, for the education of public opinion, and for cooperation with other groups willing and able to promote or to defend all human rights. THE COMMONWEAL has done its best to forge a part, if only a small part, of this huge, missing link in the chain of Catholic social action. The diocesan press and the many, far too many, organs of Catholicism which exist chiefly to promote various good works within the Church, are indispensable (on the whole, though there is far too much duplication of efforts) for the interior work of the Church. But they are painfully, obviously inadequate for the task of enlightening and arousing and coöperating with the social forces of the secular world. And now, even THE COMMONWEAL, after more than ten years' work, must leave the field within three months unless it can raise enough money from the small minority of Catholics who are alive to its importance to pay its creditors the $26,000 which it owes them. With that debt removed, however, THE COMMONWEAL, having largely increased its circulation even during the years of the depression, and having reduced all its expenses (dangerously, yet necessarily), can at last be self-sustaining.

It may seem an absurd and selfish sort of anti-climax to what has been said above concerning the lack of and the need for adequate Catholic propaganda, to drag in our own case. But THE COMMONWEAL is not a business venture. It does not exist chiefly to provide jobs for three or four men. Those men could support themselves otherwise, and possibly better, materially speaking, without THE COMMONWEAL. But we only say what is perfectly true when we state that THE COMMONWEAL is at present the one literary lay voice of Catholicism which reaches the educated and influential classes of the American public. It uses that voice to plead for a stronger and more efficiently organized instrument for the diffusion of Catholic principles than it is itself—poorly supported and weakly staffed as it is. And if it fails now, American laymen—in journalism and literature, at least—will be so depressed and defeated that in all probability it will be a generation or more before another attempt to deal with the actualities of our common human life in society by the interpretation and application of the sacred principles of the Faith could be launched. That is the situation. We leave it in the hands of our fellow Catholics. The editor of this journal will soon, he hopes, be kneeling at the feet of the Pope. It is his prayer that he may not be obliged to ask a blessing over the dead body of our dream—but, on the contrary, that he will be able to tell the Holy Father that this group of his American children, strongly supported by a larger and ever-growing organization, pledges itself at last to really begin to work for God's Church, and for our fellow men within and without that strong fortress of human rights.

How should we try to do that work? By building up our organization to coöperate more effectively with other Catholic groups, and with secular organizations working for the same ends—the preservation of personal liberties under just laws, the sacredness of the family, the rights of private property and the more equitable distribution of property—in short, for those ends placed before the world by Pope Pius XI. And, in addition to such constructive efforts, always and consistently to labor for the building up of a direct, honest, frank, fair, and well-informed Catholic defense of the Catholics elsewhere in the world who do not enjoy the inestimable benefits of America's freedom, and the American respect for human rights.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE COMMONWEAL firmly associates itself with the great mass action of public opinion which is shocked by and which utterly condemns the anti-Semitism of the Hitler government. We unite whatever measure of influence we possess with the expression of that public opinion. It is certainly quite true that many deliberate lies and grossly exaggerated charges have been circulated in connection with this matter. It is also true that many Jews have suffered not precisely because they were Jews, but also, or chiefly, because they were Communists, or Socialists, or pacifists, at the hands of a triumphant anti-Communist and anti-democratic dictatorship imposed by a militaristic and ultra-nationalistic revolution. Nevertheless, no matter how much what really has happened—and which will continue to happen even now that physical violence has abated, so long as Hitlerism continues to rule Germany—may have been exaggerated, no amount of official denials can conceal the fact that Jews as Jews have been subjected to a bigoted discrimination and a persecution wholly unjust and abhorrent to all believers in the human rights of personal liberty, equal justice under the protection of law, and cultural and religious freedom and equality of status.

Justice for Jews

THE ANTI-JEWISH movement in Germany is far more than a tempest of prejudice stirred up in the lower depths of mob emotion by a demagogue. It is part and parcel of a strongly developed racial nationalism, with its own passionate, even fanatical philosophy of Teutonism, the spearhead of which is nothing other than the same dangerous, almost insane Prussianism which was glorified before 1914, and which the world too naively thought to have been overthrown, and discarded by the German people themselves, but which now is violently seeking to reëstablish its predominance. To such a religion of racial pride and brutal power, the purging of the people obsessed by its spirit from what is considered to be the alien and corrupting taint of the Jewish element, seems a clear and certain duty. Alarmed, for reasons of expediency, by the universal abhorrence and condemnation provoked by the violence of the first five days of the Nazi revolution, the Hitler government already has taken measures to check the cruder manifestations of anti-Semitism, but nothing other than the overthrow of Hitlerism by the German people itself will bring justice to the Jews, and to other oppressed minorities, includ the Catholics. The German Catholic bishops have condemned the ultra-nationalism of the Nazi party, and that condemnation still stands, even although the Center party has been forced to vote for its own suppression. That very large minority of democratic Germans which is temporarily deprived of power, aided by elements of the Hitler majority which will return to their senses as the first, contagious delirium of the revolution subsides, can alone prevent the continuation of anti-Semitism in Germany. The democratic elements in Germany are at present impotent, crushed between the opposing forces of Hitlerism and Communism; but to those elements, which alone possess the true principles of Western civilization, and of which the Catholic Center is the only stable core, the enlightened public opinion of the United States, Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland and the Scandinavian nations should display true sympathy, patient consideration, and the full support of its moral coöperation.

"THE ECONOMIC patient is very sick. Sound, competent diagnosis shows that it has appendicitis. President Hoover's effort in the spring of 1930 to get executives of large corporations to buy equipment and supplies gave it an injection of morphine under the fallacious theory that to temporarily kill pain would eliminate it. The National Credit Corporation merely gave it a bath. The Hoover moratorium was only an enema. The Glass-Steagall bill was simply a stimulant to increase circulation. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation is the angel that pays and pays the unnecessarily long hospital bill. Coroner Hoover's verdict is that the operation was successful, but the patient died. The banking crisis gave it adrenalin and brought it to life. Now, Doctor Roosevelt, operate before it is too late. Take out the appendix gangrened with an excessive burden of debt." If we felt privileged to give the name of the author of this shrewd and amusing yet very sound diagnosis and prescription, our readers would know that it is the opinion of one of the best qualified and most practical of American financial and business authorities.

For What Ails Us

IT MAY frankly be confessed that the President's farm relief bill is a very good substitute for a jig-saw puzzle. About everything which has been proposed by way of a "plan" to cure the ills of agriculture has been fitted into this legislation somewhere, and even the theory behind it seems complex and eclectic. Mr. Roosevelt frankly admits that the whole thing is an experiment. Others have noted the cunning hand of the college professor. Mr. Mark Sullivan tells readers of the New York *Herald Tribune* that the bill "will become a landmark in the evolution of government in the United States" and remarks: "The college professors who were the principal authors of this farm bill hold that we must have all industry planned and controlled by the government." At any rate, it is clear that the bill establishes a new kind of paternalism in the historic domain of husbandry. Hitherto we have had homesteading developments, mortgage banks, grants to aid scientific experimentation and the Farm Board. Now we have a diagnosis of the ills from which farming suffers,

Helping the Farmers

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partly as a result of the older system or aids, and the appointment of a physician—i. e., the Secretary of Agriculture—to put the patient through his paces. The ills are listed as too much land under cultivation, too intensive a use of chemical fertilizers, and too marked a drop in the market prices for farm products.

THE REMEDIES proposed start off with a modified form of price fixing. But instead of imitating the Farm Board and trying to buy all the farmer can't sell, the new bill says that the costs of basic commodities to the processor will normally equal the costs prevalent in 1913. The said processor is to pay a tax constituting the difference between current market prices and the said 1913 level, and of course pass this on to the consumer. It looks to us as if he were destined to find himself in a pretty tight place. At any rate, the tax moneys thus accumulated are to be used by the government to induce farmers to curtail production and take land out of tillage. The methods to be adopted here are various, ranging from the Smith cotton plan (which calls for resale of Farm Board cotton to growers who reduce their crops) to several kinds of allotment making. To equip the Secretary of Agriculture properly for his tasks, he is given a number of powers which would make an old-fashioned Cabinet member rub his eyes. We do not profess to have the slightest idea of how such a bill would work out. But obviously something drastic has to be done, and it seems to us that the sooner we give the "college professors" a chance the better it will be for all concerned. It is quite probable that the final effects upon the consumer would not be groans under a "sales tax" but pleasant awareness of counter-demand for industrial products.

NOT TOO much business has come the publisher's way during recent months, so that in a sense the survival of so many houses is a wonder to behold. Some are still vigorous despite the times, and able to look forward to the happy day when book buying will again become a sign of normal human behavior. It is this courageous wrestling with the future to which we attribute the merger of Appleton and Century, two firms identified with the history of letters in the United States. During 1825 Daniel Appleton opened a dry goods store in New York, and opined that his son—a lad obviously given to the curse of reading—might as well start a book department. Out of this grew a business which catered to the wishes of many generations, thriving now on spellers and then on science and finally on André Maurois. While the firm did little religious publishing in the strict sense, they fostered quite a coterie of Catholic writers and served them well. The Century Company was founded after the Civil War, and built its reputation upon a high-class periodical which went the way of all flesh only a few years ago. In its early days it was inclined to issue mastodonic works, like dictionaries and histories. This educational purpose it continued to serve in various ways, despite the success of many of its ventures in fiction and travel literature. Quite recently a list of Catholic text-books for colleges was inaugurated. The merger promises to destroy the identity of neither firm. D. Appleton-Century Company sounds a little unfamiliar, but one surmises that once again it will be proved that in union there is strength.

A Publishers' Wedding

ONE OF the largest of contemporary devotional societies, St. Anthony's Guild of the Franciscan Monastery of Paterson, is one of the most interesting. Its main objectives, spiritual and material, are the highly worthy but in no sense special ones, of enhancing the religious life of its members, promoting various forms of social work, and aiding seminarian education. But its spirit and methods really are unusual. In the decade of its existence it has developed somehow—perhaps by that Franciscan serviceableness and courtesy which certainly the Paduan's protégées should possess—a bond with its widely scattered members which is the opposite of an indiscriminating and, as it were, anonymous benevolence, and which has in it much of the charm and personal affection of family life. This spirit, of considering the individual, and carefully and choicely addressing his needs and tastes, animates those of its works which the Guild has given the general public: the biography of Saint Anthony, for instance, which was recently given high praise here for the humanity of its approach; and the little but quite distinctive Guild quarterly, the *Anthonian*. And one of the major expressions of this spirit has been the development of a satisfying popular religious art. The Guild artist, Mr. C. Bosseron Chambers, has successfully lent his high technical competence to presentations which have real sentiment and simplicity, and immense appeal, and the Guild illustrations, pictures and Christmas cards are among the best of the indigenous productions. It is a pleasure to learn that an exhibition has been arranged at Carnegie Hall during the last two weeks of Lent of many of the originals of these pictures. They include drawings from the Franciscan and Anthonian legends as well as canvases on the more central and perennial themes of devotion, and we imagine will attract a wide and interested public.

Popular Religious Art

THE ANNOUNCEMENT by the Reverend Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C., President of Notre Dame University, that John McCormack is to be awarded the Laetare medal this year, pleases us in many ways. We are sincere admirers of Mr. McCormack's achievements as an artist of the first rank, for his musicianship and the rare beauty of his voice in the rendering not only of airs particularly appreciated by the musically informed but also of folk

The Laetare Award

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songs. The Calvert Associates have not forgotten Mr. McCormack's generous kindness in singing at their meeting a year ago. For his standing in his profession and for his exemplary Christian life and wide charities, the Laetare medal is bestowed upon him. This is the golden jubilee year of the award and it is indeed honored by, as well as honors, the distinguished Catholics who have been its recipients for services in many different fields, all contributing to our nation's good.

For the Calvert Associates

AT A MASS celebrated by Father John La Farge, S.J., on March 25, and followed by the impressive thanksgiving strains of a "Te Deum," The Calvert Associates memorialized the two hundred and ninety-ninth anniversary of the founding of Maryland by Lord Calvert and his associates and the establishment of the principle and practice of religious liberty in America. We wish to thank all those who on that day joined us, wherever they may have done so, with their prayers and well-wishes for the furtherance of the ideas and traditions to which we are dedicated. The cordial felicitations by the President and by Governor Ritchie expressed to the Editor of THE COMMONWEAL, have already been noted in the daily papers and are appreciated by all of the Associates. Following the Mass, which was in a sense, in the words of Father La Farge, a vigil in anticipation of the three-hundredth anniversary which will be celebrated nationally next year, the Editor of THE COMMONWEAL announced that The Calvert Associates would award two prizes: one for the design by an American artist of a stamp which will be issued by the government in commemoration of the tercentenary, and the other for the best occasional poem written by an American. The committee of judges for these awards is now being selected. As reported in these columns in the issue of March 22, an appropriate program for the civic exercises of 1934 is being prepared by a special committee appointed by Governor Ritchie, while a program for special Catholic exercises also is being prepared by a committee appointed by Archbishop Curley of Baltimore.

WITH the right of religious liberty being completely denied in our country by such active workers and agitators, among others, as the Communist party —who have taken over the perennial struggle to abolish this right from the now happily defunct Ku Klux Klan—and with the right in fact being successfully suppressed by violence and forced indoctrination in numerous countries in the world today, the friends of this fundamental human right, this very arcanum of refuge for the harried human soul, must realize that they need to exert themselves to defend their heritage as free men and women. Fortunately we are not yet a beleagured people in the United States, and while we are not, it is certainly appropriate to take decent and positive occasions to celebrate and to identify in the public mind the positive value of the great principle of religious liberty. It is this principle which it is the purpose of The Calvert Associates to emphasize in the historic anniversary of the founding of the Free State of Maryland; it is this which we believe distinguishes the occasion from the usual historical celebration of a state or community and makes it one in which all the people of our country may join as beneficiaries, and equally custodians, of one of the major realities of social justice and social liberty in the world.

MR. MACDONALD TRAVELS

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who has traveled more widely than most men, recently packed his bags and hied to Rome. As we write it is still too early to tell precisely what he was after, but there is no doubt that he went to the right place. The key to many things which have happened (and may happen) in Europe is in Signor Mussolini's coat pocket, and British statesmen are always wisely interested in the trend of events. At an early age they read the poem about the little boy who walked about looking at the sky and so learn the valuable truths implied. Unlike many Americans of the recent past, they do not lend money to strangers, nor do they believe all they read in the papers. A strange urge comes over them from time to time—the urge to find out what is going on. Difficult though it may be for a citizen of the United States to comprehend this psychology, we hope that our readers will accept its existence on faith.

Recently the British commenced being profoundly alarmed at the drift of events. Could it be that Continental nations were bent on playing another game of—shall we call it strong man's bluff? From 1919 until quite recently, it was possible to talk about peace and war in purely theoretical terms and to draw neat diagrams of hypothetical contending forces which showed that so many guns were concentrated on one side that the other couldn't be seriously considering a fight. To be sure, the diagrams are still pretty nearly what they used to be. But the game referred to above does not lead immediately to blows and black eyes. It gathers momentum over a period of years and then presto, before anybody really knows what has happened, bombs are exploding and long files of young men in boots are on the march.

England fails to relish this sport. Between 1914 and 1918 she learned at fearful cost that European broils deliver nothing to London but casualty lists and bills. Nevertheless a nation which depends for its very life upon the skill with which it conducts international relations cannot sit idle while a world goes up in smoke. Accordingly Mr. MacDonald went avoyaging again, and characteristically proceeded to the right place. Not to Berlin. The English know too much about Germany to accept Herr Hitler merely with a pocket handkerchief pressed tight against the nostrils. They are likewise aware that for the time being—and possibly a

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good long while—the "reaction" in the Fatherland will do all its head-breaking between the Rhine and the Vistula. It was not the British who were silent while the storm was brewing. If the world had listened to London and utilized the full values of Mr. Hoover's moratorium offer, the Nazis would now be numbered among minor human visitations. Nor did Mr. MacDonald go to Paris. Realizing that the French are caught in the toils of a bourgeois civilization typified by the old blokes of the Academy on the one hand and the investors in Schneider-Creusot on the other hand, he understood perfectly that M. Daladier would greet him with a sigh, a smile and a shrug of the shoulders. For the past five years, Gaul has resembled a lady who has tried in vain to take the cold shower recommended by her physician.

Therefore the British Prime Minister bought a ticket to Rome, which action might well constitute Lesson Number One in world diplomacy for Americans. We have become so wofully inept a lot—we to whose credit there stands in history such startling achievements as Franklin's visit to Europe and Mr. Roosevelt the Elder's intervention to end the Russo-Japanese war. Who among us even knows any longer that our consular service is among the best? And who cares? The British Prime Minister went to Rome, however, because when Il Duce says the word the game of strong man's bluff will stop. Instantly and immediately! Minus the support of Italian Fascism, the infantile dictatorship which blends *Götterdämmerung* with swastikas and enforced hurrahs for our side would constitute a threat only to those whom German culture and welfare interests. It is the assumption that Mussolini can join Hitler and the hamstrung Danubian states which nerves the arm of the German extremist.

What does Mussolini want? To a certain extent, the answer to this query demands powers of divination at least equalling those of Mr. Edgar Wallace. If one can credit the trend of many of his remarks, the desires which now most deeply concern him are three: first, the situation to the East is not at all what it should be, for the political, economic and financial conditions which prevail in the Balkans and along the Danube do not provide the kind of hinterland which Italy requires; second, Mussolin thinks, French purposes in this Eastern region are quite opposed to his own and probably to everybody else's, and he would like to see a modification, if not an abrogation, of those purposes; third, France and Italy are at present irreconcilable in the Mediterranean and in Africa. Doubtless there are other matters on which he holds very decided views. It is quite likely, however, that he lacks zeal to conduct a world-wide crusade for the Fascist ideal. We assume, and on fairly good authority, that he gives not so much as a whoop whether Herr Hitler wants to be his prize pupil, or whether the "dictator" reverenced by small groups of Austrians is constructed according to specifications. Il Duce is not exactly what one would term a fool.

Now precisely what did Mr. MacDonald find out? That is a serious question. At the present moment, all we have to go on is an official communiqué which said: "The Ministers examined in these conversations a project for an understanding on larger political questions put forward by the head of the Italian government, with the object of securing the collaboration of the four Western powers in an effort to promote, in the spirit of the Kellogg Pact and a 'no force' declaration, a long period of peace for Europe and the world." This would seem to mean that there was agreement to seek a wide extension of the Locarno Pact to other parts of Europe and in particular to those areas which most directly affect the four powers. Taken by itself the communiqué utters nothing very startling. The notion that the Locarno Pact, which guaranteed only the settlement of the boundary between France and Germany, would prove relatively useless if it led to no other decisions is as old as Stresemann and Briand.

Yet there are indications of several new potentialities, all of which must profoundly interest Americans. For we might as well admit that if there is an explosion on the Continent our stake abroad will be wiped out, our trade virtually ruined and our cultural outlook decidedly narrowed. The first potentiality is an agreement between Italy and Britain to work for a revision of the Treaty of Versailles. If this agreement could be made sufficiently strong and dependable, it would amount *ipso facto* to a great accession of force to the existing institutions for the settlement and arbitration of international disputes. France would then see that unwillingness to coöperate would lead to closer relations between Britain and Italy, while Germany would be made to realize that all hopes of an out-and-out military alliance with Il Duce are so much hot air. In short the effect of such an agreement would be the isolation of existing French and German policies. The idea of arbitration would be restored to a world hoping desperately for peace.

It is our view that such a plan is not wholly impracticable. Of course one can say that if concessions in the way of treaty revision are made, the credit for them will be claimed by the Hitlerites who will thus be fortified. Two comments on this view are in order. First, the present German government is a *fait accompli,* and there is no way to get round that, short of a concerted move to march on Berlin and oust the party. Second, the concessions made would undoubtedly involve many compromises and pledges to coöperate, so that the Hitler government would be forced into the rôle of Stresemann.

More important is the circumstance that the United States must reconsider very carefully its attitude toward the problem as a whole. During the past twelve years we have trusted the "primacy of economics," in the belief that "good business men" could settle almost any difficulty if left alone. But today the "primacy of politics" is everywhere recognized again. We must decide to be politicians and to be good ones.

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JOBS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

By FRANK A. WHITELEY

Unemployment, in the opinion of the author of the following paper, is the permanent effect of increasing mechanization. But as a result we must be, as a nation, more mindful than ever of the right to work which is guaranteed by the American conception of government. Something must be done; and that something, in Mr. Whiteley's opinion, is a law providing that "all, or certain designated, manufactured articles not produced by the employment of double-shift labor—i.e., two complete crews each working a part only (not to exceed five hours) of each day—be denied right of transport in interstate commerce."—The Editors.

AN OUTSTANDING landmark of human progress is our largely forgotten Declaration of Independence. Yet it succintly and clearly states at the beginning the fundamental principle and the underlying purpose of all enlightened social organization. Note that great pronouncement:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men . . . are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men."

What are these inalienable rights? Life and liberty seem definite terms—pursuit of happiness not. Yet careful consideration shows that in certain aspects they connote the same thing. The right to life must include the opportunity to secure the means to live, the right to liberty freedom to enjoy such opportunity; and without such opportunity how can there be pursuit of happiness? If, then, these inalienable rights, asserted as the foundation, the reason, for our government, mean anything in it, they mean that when a man wants and needs to work he shall be provided with a job.

In the past we have been accustomed to swell with pride and call this country of ours the land of opportunity, to assert dogmatically that anyone who was industrious, honest and saving would do well and that one who wanted to work always could find work to do.

It is time to recognize that, as our society is functioning today, such assertions are pure cant. To make them is to assert a plain and obvious lie. There are not jobs enough to go around, or anywhere near go around; and there will not be until a modified method of creating and distributing jobs comes into being. And since our government was instituted to secure the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, of which the right to a job is an indispensable element, it follows that it must be the province and duty of that government to discover and impose such a method.

To those of us who for the past third of a century have been intimately associated with the procuring, litigating and development of patents, it did not require any twelve-year technical study, nor invention of a new term, to teach that mechanization has brought about wholesale destruction of jobs. A stock argument for obtaining the grant of a patent or its validation in the courts is that it reduces the manpower required. Lawyer's briefs and court decisions are replete with statements commending a patent because it taught how to increase production, to do the work of ten or twenty or a hundred men with one man. For years it has been clear as day to the patent-conscious public that a time must come when job-elimination would overtake and pass new development and expansion, and that then widespread unemployment must result.

That time is here. It has been delayed for a century of mechanization by unprecedented development and expansion of the new utilities mechanization created. Modern power plants, the railroads, steam navigation, electric utilities, including telegraph, telephone, lights and refrigeration, automobiles, airplanes and finally radio and television, have absorbed job losses and held back the inescapable time of world-wide insufficiency of jobs for those who want and need them. Even the Great War, contrary to propaganda, far from being the cause of our economic, so-called depression, delayed it several years.

Some industrialists are still hopefully looking for new utilities, new expansion, again to absorb wholesale job-losses from mechanization. In the spring of 1931 President Hoover voiced such a hope, and suggested that summer air-conditioning might be the next development. Even now the general and technical press is filled with propaganda to the effect that other things than mechanization are responsible for present unemployment. Propaganda undoubtedly paid for by those business and financial interests who always fear that general knowledge of new, unfavorable social and industrial conditions to be remedied will threaten their controlling ascendency, and, hence, who have been slow to accept necessary changes, and who resist the forces which require them.

But the facts are plain enough for the man in the street to read and understand. It is idle to deny or to attempt to sidestep them. While new development and expansion from mechanization has been in arithmetical progression, resulting job-losses are in something like geometrical progression. Job-losses have passed new development and expansion and are going away from them faster than any conceivable development and expansion of present and new utilities can absorb, or begin to absorb, labor displaced by mechanization.

And how are we in this country, how is the civilized world, meeting this deplorable situation?

By putting the unemployed on charity.

Whether as a law-created "dole," as in Great Britain, or as the far less effective, less fair and less impartial "relief," as in this country, it is charity—giving the victimized recipient something for which he is denied,

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the inestimable privilege of giving something in return —with all its tragic consequences of loss of self-respect, disintegation of morale and degradation of character. And, accompanying these rapidly mounting charity costs, which are ever putting greater burdens upon public and private funds, is propaganda to accomplish the ridiculously impossible feat of reducing all taxes.

What should the world, what should we in this country of ours, do about it?

Obviously provide the unemployed with jobs. Cut out charity and give opportunity to earn the means to have life. So far as we are concerned, make good the solemn pronouncement of our Declaration to the world that our government was instituted to secure to its people the self-evident, inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

But, object our financial, industrial and political leaders, does not our Constitution provide for laws "to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to . . . inventors the exclusive right to their . . . discoveries?" Do not the patent rights so safeguarded in the Constitution promote the progress of the industrial (useful) arts by increasing production and saving labor? Do you propose to dam the stream of technical advance and turn backward to heart-breaking man labor? Do you dare suggest tampering with the sacred economic law of supply and demand to control availability, number and value of jobs or prices of products?

The answer to the last question may sound like sacrilege, but most certainly that ancient, outmoded economic law is headed for the scrap-heap. It has got to go, to a degree at least. We are not going to abandon technical advance, or destroy our patent system, which has done so much to promote it. Instead we shall seek and discover what the Constitution must be held to have intended by the quoted words—shall determine whose labor is to be saved, and for whom.

Certainly the Constitution cannot be construed to intend to reward progress of the industrial arts which would destroy the very right to life, liberty and happiness of the citizens of the government it created. It cannot be its intent, or the intent of the laws under it, to permit increased production and labor-saving to destroy jobs for a large part of such citizens and allow vast profits, wealth and luxury to accrue to a favored few. Labor-saving, no matter how great, or how largely production is increased thereby, must be distributed, in shortened working hours and modified working conditions, so the number of available jobs paying living wages will never be materially less than the number of those who require them.

Probably there will be general agreement with this simple proposition. There canot well be dissent. Labor organizations will assert that they have long striven for just that, and will be distressed to hear that their selfishness, their insistence that asked-for benefits be confined to members of their order, their demands for the closed shop, have repelled public sympathy and interest in their proposals even when fundamentally sound. And employers, industrialists and bankers still cling to the fatuous hope that there will be miraculous return to normal times, which will automatically increase the number of available jobs sufficiently to cure the present unemployment without recourse to remedial legislation.

It is quite certain these hopes cannot be realized. How, then, shall the jobs be provided to rescue the unemployed and so to restore prosperity to all our people?

A concrete plan which appears to furnish an answer simple enough to merit serious consideration is for Congress to enact a law which would provide that, after a fixed date, all, or certain designated, manufactured articles not produced by the employment of double-shift labor—i.e., two complete crews each working a part only (not to exceed five hours) of each day —be denied right of transport in interstate commerce.

Immediately arises a chorus of ridicule and opposition. Such a law would be unconstitutional. It could not be enforced. It would cost too much to enforce it. It would give intrastate manufacturing such an advantage, large plants necessarily doing interstate business could not continue to operate. Foreign competition would ruin American factories. Why the five-hour day? With such short hours workers would lose interest in their work. With so much leisure time they would become morally corrupted. It would be impossible to defend against strikes and demands of labor. It is nothing but a subsidy. It wouldn't help the farmer. Cost of manufacturing would be prohibitive.

The above objections, and many others which doubtless might be raised, can all be satisfactorily answered. Just as railroads are regulated by the interstate commerce act, business combinations by the anti-trust laws and unfair trade practices by the Federal Trade Commission, such federal regulation of employment conditions would be constitutional. Because all labor and law-abiding manufacturers would have an active interest in it, the law would be peculiarly easy of enforcement. The cost to the government could not be great.

The bugaboo of discrimination in favor of intrastate manufacturing would disappear overnight. For it is certain the states would follow the lead of the federal government in enacting the same legislation. It is doubtful if a single legislature could resist for as much as one session the pressure to pass such an act. But the first legislation must be federal, applying to all states.

There would be no substantial foreign competition. For at last the tariff would be made what has been so vociferously claimed for it, but what in fact it never has been—a protection to American labor. And, for the first time also, amazing as, upon consideration, it does seem, the chief beneficiary of the tariff, the American manufacturer, will be required to give a consideration for his protection—in meeting conditions of employment where never before have any conditions been imposed. Doubtless these tariff barriers may be suitably lowered for such foreign products as are manufactured under conditions of employment comparable with those

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imposed by our laws, which is a logical ground for reciprocity. And it is freely predicted that if such a law provides a remedy for our unemployment, similar regulation of employment will be undertaken by civilized peoples generally—for all of them have the same condition of large unemployment—a circumstance incontrovertibly supporting the conclusion that the same cause is at the root of the whole world-wide trouble. And the only universally present cause is mechanization.

The five-hour day is suggested because it is the longest period which will permit employment of two shifts, and two shifts are essential to the effective working of the plan. It is short enough to absorb present unemployment. Doubtless a time will come when it will have to be shortened. Some writers have already suggested a two-hour working day. But the length of the working day does not affect the principle that labor-saving from mechanization must (there is no possible qualification here) be distributed to labor, so that the number of jobs available will always be sufficient.

It is absurd to contend that a five-hour day, or a shorter working day, will not keep an employee interested in his work, or that more leisure will tend to corrupt him. The reverse can safely be predicted. With more time to use, home-owning and home-making will have added appeal. Many workers will own places in the country, with time to do gardening, keep cows and chickens, work and play more with wives and children. More valid is the objection that labor will have added power to harass employers with unreasonable demands and strikes. But just as the manufacturer would be compelled to give a consideration for his tariff protection, so the worker must yield something for that and for the great benefits he would receive from such an employment law, which would set up machinery for settlement of labor disputes barring strikes and lockouts. And that, in and of itself, would be a tremendous gain for industrial peace.

To call it a subsidy because the public will be required to pay higher prices to maintain the multiplied jobs created is no valid objection, for the American people have long been accustomed to pay such subsidies (to the manufacturers) in enhanced prices through operation of our tariff laws. And since the plan is not directly applicable to the farm, a direct subsidy to farmers along the lines of the allotment plan, or some similar method, is clearly indicated, and cannot be an argument against legislation to create jobs for the unemployed. Moreover, it is too clear for words that it is better (it simply is a common-sense necessity) to maintain our people through the work they do for the wages they earn than to continue the pitiful attempts to maintain them on charity doles and misnamed "relief."

Cost of manufacturing would undoubtedly be increased, though not as greatly as at first thought would appear. Certainly the wages for the five-hour day must be what, under similar conditions, is now paid for an eight-hour day—for white-collar employees as well as productive labor. But there are some savings too. An essential element of the plan is not merely a five-hour day, but two full crews working each five hours for six days. Thus, if a factory, under present conditions, requires 300 men each working five and a half eight-hour days (a forty-four hour week), it will require 440 men each working six five-hour days (a thirty-hour week). On its face this is a 47 percent increase of labor cost. But it will work out less than that. Only 220 men are at work in one shift. The plant runs continuously for ten hours, from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty with the morning shift, from twelve-thirty to five-thirty with the afternoon shift. There is no time out for lunch, no midday stopping and starting with their inevitable lag-losses. Less factory space is required, or conversely less crowding of machines and operatives. The investment in plant and equipment is given maximum use, overcoming a prime objection to the seven-hour day and five-day week, and greatly improving in that respect upon the present eight-hour day and five-and-a-half-day week.

Allowing for these savings, although the plan would create 47 percent more jobs, it probably would not increase the labor cost more than 35 percent, and, considering that overhead and most selling expense are not increased at all, the increased cost to the public would not exceed 20 percent—far less than the drop in prices since the beginning of the depression.

With unemployment ended, everybody with a job and drawing wages regularly, buying power fully restored, the tragic incubus of unemployment relief ended, the public would easily and gladly absorb this added cost. Business would come back with a rush. Labor would have more leisure, less hours of toil, better living conditions. Normal times, good times, would be here.

Best of all, our government would do what it was instituted to do, what it must do, secure for every citizen who wants to work and needs to work to maintain his life and self-respect, opportunity to work. Industrialists, bankers, publicists, professionals, politicians, public officials, must make themselves see the situation as it is. Must forget personal interests and preconceived ideas of economics. Must abandon hopes and beliefs anchored to a sinking Atlantis. Must strip away the deceptive mirage of too-smug optimism and self-sufficient complacency over our immense and, much of it, now useless material resources, and look squarely at the ugly fact that in the midst of all that plenty a third of our population are in want—a large part of that third actually destitute, subsisting on public charity—because mechanization has taken from them opportunity to earn the means to keep living. Must recognize that the time has come for government, representing all the people, to intervene and do what can be done in no other way—impose conditions of employment which will offset the job-destruction of mechanization. Must move unitedly, as that government, whose destinies are in their hands, to constrain it to act and restore to the American worker the old subsistence-provider, the good old American job.

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SHEED AND WARD

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

FOUR men who work at cultivating the somewhat stony and stubborn soil of Catholic literature—by writing or publishing books, and by the editing of periodicals—were recently discussing the present condition of Catholic literary interests in the United States. By "literary interests" I mean the whole complex of problems connected with contemporary Catholic literature in America—such questions as, for example, these: Do American Catholics furnish a reading public strong enough in numbers and sufficiently cultivated in their taste and judgment to reflect credit upon the Catholic body as a whole? By a "reading public," of course, I do not mean the public whose reading does not go beyond the daily newspapers, or, for a few others, a loyal following of the diocesan press, or a devotion to the pamphlets and books which aid their private pieties—what I mean is a reading public for serious books and magazines. (But please do not take the word "serious" too seriously—humor and wit are serious, in the sense of being important and thoughtful.) Are American Catholics producing their fair proportion of serious writers as well as readers—poets, historians, novelists, biographers, philosophers, critics, dramatists, essayists? If not (and the four men agreed they were not), then, why not?

You never can explain, or possibly even get near an explanation, of why a literary genius appears (or does not appear) in any country, at any particular time. But any really competent educational system, in any really civilized body of people, will produce a fair quota of adequately qualified writers, along with a representative body of educated readers. Is our Catholic system doing that much?

The four men shook their heads. One of them passed on to another question. Why do the Catholics lose so many writers? And the four men named many American dramatists, novelists, poets and essayists of outstanding prominence who, as the phrase goes, "ought to be Catholics." Some of them are definitely hostile to the Faith, the rest have abandoned its practice and its promulgation. Try as they might, the four men could not supply a list of writers among practising American Catholics that came anywhere near to equaling, in numbers and quality, the list of the fallen-away Catholics.

As to the question of the numerical strength of American Catholic readers, there seems to be only one truthful answer: it is wofully inadequate. Why is that? Here the four men were like all others who have wrestled with that baffling problem—they could not agree; they could only talk about the mixed social composition of our Catholic population, and its consequent lack of a homogeneous cultural character; and the great preponderance of uneducated and economically depressed elements in the various stocks from which that population has grown; and the great burden American Catholics have struggled under in building up their separate educational system while at the same time paying their full share of the cost of the public school system; and the manifold handicaps to the fostering of a spiritual culture, and of the fruits of a spiritual culture in letters and art and science and philosophy, caused by the blighting influences of crass industrialism, of modern materialism, and the growth of the vulgarly crude and debilitating atmosphere of a degraded type of paganism.

But at least there was an agreement reached upon one important proposition: which if it be as the four men consider it to be, namely, self-evident to those who have first-hand knowledge of the situation, indicates that the position of American literature is palpably changing for the better. This fact happily turns the discussion of its past and present weaknesses from a diagnosis of disease into a prescription for a remedy. For only by knowing the causes as well as the symptoms of human malnutrition or toxic poisoning, may any ailment, either of the body, the mind or the soul, be overcome. And the anaemic condition of the contemporary intellectual life among American Catholics, undoubtedly being due not to any one cause alone, but to a variety of causes, the anaemia is giving place to health as the Church in America, responding as the Church in other lands is doing, to the resurgent power of the Faith now manifestly at work throughout Christendom, turns her attention positively and not merely passively to deal with all her problems simultaneously. Moreover, the vast work of receiving and caring for the mass of poor and often uninstructed foreign Catholics is practically finished, and the work of assimilation, and of fructification, has taken its place. Most obviously, this second and permanent work is far more favorable to the development and cultivation of literature, of science, of art, than the pioneering period.

So far—in rough and hasty outline—the four men's discussion led. As one of them, I step out of the shelter of anonymity (with a sense of relief in dropping for the time the impersonality of the editorial "we" commonly imposed upon me in these pages), to affirm that after nearly twenty years active experience in the field of Catholic journalism and literature, I heartily concur in the general opinion of the above-mentioned group as to the improvement which is taking place. Another member of the symposium was one better qualified than even a writer or an editor to form an instructed judgment on the matter of our discussion. My colleague, John F. McCormick, the business manager of THE COMMONWEAL, was for some years prior to

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his joining the adventure of THE COMMONWEAL, at its inception nine years ago, in charge of the Catholic department of The Macmillan Company, one of the most important publishing firms of the world. He has maintained an advisory connection with the same firm ever since. Nobody watches the changes and developments of American literature, secular and Catholic alike, with keener interest, or a more practical devotion to the best interests of the Faith. Which facts make his work for THE COMMONWEAL (and, therefore, we of THE COMMONWEAL trust, for the Church and the nation as well), if he will permit me publicly to say so, so singularly useful. And his judgment coincides with that expressed above—to recapitulate: that American Catholicism has been and still is sadly indifferent and sluggish in the development of an intellectual atmosphere, but that it is stirring from its sleep of the mind. The splendid growth of the lay retreat movement and of the liturgical movement—which together fructify so many artistic interests: music, architecture, sculpture, painting, drama and poetry—are sure proofs that the inner springs of the spiritual life are flowing freely among our people. Catholic youth, both in the seminaries and novitiates of the secular clergy and the religious congregations, male and female, and in the schools and colleges of the laity, is beginning to respond to the stimulus of the Catholic renaissance. Inspired by the powerful impulses emanating from our Pope, with his almost unique combination of intellectual as well as spiritual qualities, our hierarchy, through its joint Pastoral Letter of 1918, and through the channels of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, has made American Catholics conscious of their solidarity and of their duty to contribute of their age-old yet ever developing Catholic culture to the common weal of the nation of which they are an integral element. Much remains to be done: the awakening is but partial. But there it is: and it is a glorious thing, and the dawn of a great day of opportunity for the new generation of American Catholics.

As for the other two members of the symposium, they were glad to share the views of the first two mentioned; but perhaps hope rather than experience swayed their opinions. Not that they did not possess experience, for they do; but it is that of European conditions, not yet of American, for these two men were Francis Sheed, and his collaborator, T. F. Burns, of that young yet already justly famous firm of publishers, Sheed and Ward. They had come to New York to open the American branch of the firm, and Mr. McCormick and I were heartily welcoming them—as they are being cordially welcomed by other American publishers of Catholic books, and editors and writers of the Catholic press. For they come as allies, not as rivals—or, if rivals, their rivalry is of that sort which can only be healthful and fruitful to all concerned, and not primarily a mere commercial rivalry. Their coming is a literary as well as a business event of first-class order. Other Catholic publishers, and all the many secular publishers who produce books by Catholic authors, or books appealing to Catholic readers, will be stimulated by the coming of Sheed and Ward. For (as Mr. McCormick testifies from his unique experience) one of the most striking facts proving that Catholic literature, in the broad sense of the term, is no mere sectarian movement, is the increasing number of secular publishers who of late years have produced so many Catholic books, to cater to the growing demand of non-Catholic readers for such books.

Sheed and Ward's record among English publishers is unique. In a few years the firm has definitely established a place among the most progressive houses. Their list of authors comprises not only the great names of European Catholic authors—Belloc, Chesterton, Martindale, Ronald Knox, Maritain, Brémond, Ghéon, Claudel, Karl Adam, Carl Schmidt—but, which is more hopefully significant (for no publisher takes much risk in bringing out established writers nor displays remarkable discernment in doing so), Sheed and Ward have introduced a company of new and vigorous and younger authors: such men, for example, as Christopher Dawson (a figure of primary importance), Christopher Hollis, Father M. C. D'Arcy, to name only a few English authors, and German, Austrian and French writers, whose work represents many and diverse phases of the contemporary Catholic movement.

Sheed and Ward is, to repeat, a young firm, but through one of its names, and personalities, it links up with a high tradition of English Catholic literature—for Maisie Ward (Mrs. Sheed) is a daughter of Wilfrid Ward. Francis Sheed is an Australian, of Irish blood, a happy combination of qualifications for energy and Catholic Action in themselves; but more important is the fact that he is not only a publisher with a sure and remarkable flair for his difficult job, but that personally he is one of the most successful lay leaders of English Catholic Action as a writer, a translator, but more especially as one of the founders of that wonderful apostolic work, the Catholic Evidence Guild. In that group he is a foremost organizer, and a most successful public speaker. He knows the British non-Catholic public as only those men and women of the Evidence Guild can possibly know its temper and its needs of the mind and of the soul—by intimate and long personal contact with it in the streets and parks and halls where the apostles of the Evidence Guild carry on their splendid work of explaining and defending the doctrines of the Faith, that faith which is the food and the drink for which innumerable multitudes today are famishing, and without the nourishment of which they suffer a veritable malnutrition of the intellect and of the spirit.

His associate in the American branch of Sheed and Ward, Mr. T. F. Burns, is a still younger man. Those of us who know the primary importance to Catholic literature of experiments in journalism—of new and

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fresh forms in which to attempt the reëxpression of the ancient and permanent principles—watched with keen interest, and profited greatly by, Mr. Burns's editing of that unique occasional publication, "Order." It now has developed into that series of international utterances of the Catholic movement known as "Essays in Order," published by Sheed and Ward in England, and The Macmillan Company in America, which have already accomplished so much useful pioneering in bringing Catholicism to grips with the fundamental social and intellectual problems of the age.

For its part, THE COMMONWEAL warmly welcomes the firm of Sheed and Ward. We think that we can say of this event something like the remark made by Newman when he returned from Italy at the dawn of the Oxford Movement, conscious of his mission in relation to that movement. "There will be a difference," he said. There will be a difference in our American literary movement, felt in the non-Catholic as well as in the Catholic groups of writers and readers, by the coming of this vigorous and creative force—and that difference will be all to the good.

GEORGE MOORE

By THOMAS J. LYNCH

TO UNDERSTAND fully the significance of George Moore, one must follow his own method and exploit his biography for critical purposes. If divorced from certain specific backgrounds, he will remain an enigma; to realize his reactions to his youthful environment, to his race and religion is to explain him. He grew up in the aristocratic and limited Mayo of the sixties; a world that had all the charm combined with all the cultural insipidity hymned by Somerville and Ross. It was a world surrounded by the ornate color and luxury of Victorian furniture, a world in which there existed a definite concert against the introduction of new ideas. The life and the emotions of the landed aristocracy were stagnant and starved; a deadly pall had fallen on the intelligence and on life, which were governed by a monotonous routine. All devotion was centered on fox-hunting and horses in which all took refuge from the energy of thought. Hence, like the other squires of the day, George Moore became interested in gossip and in the interminably lengthy stories of the natives, whose garrulity delighted him, but whose life he despised.

He began to believe in the infallibility of anecdotes: he was interested neither in philosophy nor truth. The restricted world in which he lived became the center of his attention. Even within that limited horizon it was the peculiar and the odd that haunted him. Such a world moved him to seek refuge within his own imagination, in whose loom he wove the peculiar and the odd into the slender garment of filigree art and refined impressions. He exercised an acute eye within a narrow range of observation, so that he created a new world midway between reality and dream. He tells us in "Hail and Farewell" that he delighted in listening to the peasants spin their stories that were as improbable as the weird and mystic beauty of Yeats's poetry. The peasants were natural story-tellers in the domain of the legendary, but they lacked the stuff out of which great literature is made. In invention and manner they had a profound influence on Moore, because in such moments he discovered the law of artistic invention combined with the rhythm and beauty of speech. It is evident from his life and work that he absorbed certain elements of the shrewdness typical of the peasant mind, which, when it has caught the ear of the world, delights to shock through the medium of confessions. Such an environment is unsafe for the artist, for it fills the mind with a sense of personal infallibility and moves it to read the world's culture from the standpoint of false values.

In college he became a dreamer, imposing his own warped dreams on the great thoughts of other writers. From the beginning he had recourse to literature to shock and be shocked. All he discovered in Shelley's "Hymn to Pan" was artistic atheism and not the image of a mind evoking the loveliness of the past. He moved to Paris, where literature had become a cult, whose mystic leaders were swimming in the pool of their own streams of consciousness and pallid emotionalism. There poets were diving into alien seas for peculiar pearls; their descent into the maelstrom of the ego fascinated Moore. Some of these poetic high-priests thought that poetry was but a cameo exquisiteness of language; others formulated the dogma that art should deal only with nebulous and arcane soul-states; while a few believed that the poet should loot the era of Roman poetic decadence to find a language adapted to pathological states and subjects that verged on the rim of unintelligibility. They were all unanimous in believing that poetry should exemplify an exquisite, if languorous, technique, that what is said in poetry does not matter provided it is faultless in rhythm and startling in emotional novelty. To fiction Zola was applying the method of science, whilst the Goncourts were formulating novel psychological theories on love and style, which combined in leading them to decadence. Gautier was becoming a labyrinth through whose mind the world passed, only to disappear in the rhythm of words. To these men George Moore listened for ten years and accepted their ideas and technique, both of which he never outgrew.

The real problem of Moore centers here, because he never fully absorbed the multiple and elusive principles of his French masters. He still retained certain

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elements of the peasant mind that prevented him from entering into the peculiar world of French theory. He could never fully convince himself whether to follow one or the other school whole-heartedly. Instead, he attempted to fuse the realism of Zola and the mysticism of Verlaine and Beaudelaire, an impossible adventure responsible for the lack of unity in his novels. He attempted painting, but as is evident from his portrait, he had not the physical activity essential to its pursuit. He was devoid of the felicity of touch essential to the real artist. An artist must have not only the seeing eye, but he must also be the possessor of a vital and energetic mind, capable of transforming the thing seen into a living fact. George Moore had all the self-esteem of contemporary French artists, but they could live in the object, whilst Moore could but make the object die into himself.

Confessional poetry was then the prevailing fashion. Hence, Moore attempted to poetize his confessions. Confessions in poetry are worth reading, when they are written by a noble soul who has something new and great to say. Such must be the work of a writer who has insistently attempted to subdue life and the world to his own purposes, who has compelled the world and his own soul to deliver up their final secrets. A writer of this type must look beyond the passing show and attempt to anneal his art to the true and the significant. Great confessional poetry is not the work of an artist carried away by the glamor of things. Passion and paganism were then the dominant poetic motifs. London and Paris became poetic hot-houses in which poetry frailly blossomed. In the preface to his "Anthology of Pure Poetry," George Moore expressed his poetic theory. There one learns that poetry for him merely meant musical evocation. He did not believe that thought, when flaming in a vitally disturbed heart and in an aroused imagination, could produce a poetry of passionate sincerity to speak to the hearts of others. For him, poetry has to achieve one function: to captivate the ear and lull the mind to sleep. "The Pagan Poems" and the "Poems of Passion" are as dead today as is the famed sphinx of Wilde. Time has wrought upon them a tragedy; it has compelled them to fade unseen. They have form and artificial precision, but they fail to stir the deeper passions. Moore, like Dawson, sighed after imaginative Cynaras and threw too many roses riotously with the crowd. He assumes in them a passion which he never felt. They are the work of an amoral attitudinarian, who looked upon poetry as a means to startle the spectators in the poetic circus of the nineties.

At the time of Moore's residence in Paris, the technique of the novel was debated. The free and easy method of Fielding, Dumas, Hugo, Dickens and Thackeray was looked upon with scorn. It was thought that their art was too objective and too copious. They seemed to the French writers of the period not to have sufficiently adapted their material to a design; their work sprawled and was in general too diffuse. What was needed in fiction was more concentration of material according to a careful design. Life should be limited within a fictional dogma; the mood of the novelist should flow over his material, so that the novel should contain but things seen through a temperament. Life was looked upon as something to be manipulated into a grotesque beauty, under which it would disappear. Fiction and style became synonymous, because it was thought that the world should imitate art. The exact word of Flaubert became the prevailing fashion to such an extent that instead of dialogue being the speech of the character, it was believed that all characters should imitate the speech of the writers.

Zola pursued a theory of art and realism. He believed that the greater the number of facts a novel contained, the more convincing it would be, for to him art and data were the same. Size and mass became confused with quality. He failed to see that it is not mere facts that count in fiction, that the real artist is he who makes the facts speak, that not in quantity but in quality is fact justified in literature. To these two methods George Moore brought the art of the peasant story-teller that delights in the selection of facts, but which has the capacity to embellish the fact to a point of disappearance. One can see the method in the "Irish Fairy Tales" of Yeats and in the "Visions and Beliefs" of Lady Gregory, stories in which there is no progression, but much talking and wonder. The peasant story-teller walks the circumference of every circle, driven by an extreme fantasy. The novels of George Moore are, therefore, the result of Zola's realism, Gautier's art, and the peasant method.

After his return from Paris, George Moore began to wound English sensibility and Victorian provincialism through the medium of the realistic novel, confessions and satiric criticism. Yet one wonders if George Moore ever fully believed in Zola's theory. One cannot imagine him having the patience of the scientific note-taker so essential for the production of the strange career of "Esther Waters." The book has received loud praise, perhaps because of the scandal it created in England. Yet one feels in reading it that its life was never fully experienced by the writer. There is in it too much manipulation for a truthful picture, and too much pathos for credibility. It is a novel done to French order, because in it Moore desired to exemplify the technical control of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary."

Now he reverted to the theory that he acquired in Mayo: to coin stories out of his imagination and to give them credibility and fascination through the charm of style. It would be too tedious to follow the fictional career of George Moore in detail. Some of his novels are really worthless; so that a critic even enthralled by the glamor of the nineties and its theories can scarcely find value in them. "Lewis Seymour and Some Women," "A Modern Lover," "Sister Theresa" and "Celibate Lives" are in the same position as his poetry. If one were a visitor to some peculiar world

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where a kind of lifeless animation existed, one would expect to find such characters. The writer who believes that Goncourt's "La Nuit de Luxemburg" is great literature may be charmed by Moore's themes. These novels contain no knowledge of life nor the heart. They are a living proof that Moore had no power of thought, a fact ultimately responsible for their poverty. Like Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray," they were manufactured in the garret of a cob-webbed mind, into which the sun of life never shone. The same things are repeated, all the scenes make one wonder if life is as unvaried as George Moore believes it to be. When one contrasts him with Turgenef, one realizes the essential difference between great and dead art. By the simple process of allowing the mind to speak and analyze its own feelings and motives, Turgenef achieves a perfect blending of factual variety and artistic unity. The facts introduced in relation to character by Moore do not grow out of the life described; instead they are beautiful ornaments under which the realities of life are hidden and beneath which one never hears the throb of human passion. They are too frail in texture to speak to the troubled heart of life today.

Yet, "The Lake" and "Evelyn Innes" are in a different class. For balance and psychological probing, "The Lake" is a great novel, especially so for its perfect blending of life and symbol. The manner of its telling, a series of letters in the manner of Richardson, gives it an air of credibility and restraint. In it, one moves from the artificial air of the previous novels into the world of human feeling, if not of human passion. Here the miracle of the unification of style and character happens. "Evelyn Innes" moves in a higher plane, because it brings one in contact with a more vivid and a more easily imagined life. In it, George Moore was writing the history of his own religious experiences. As a result, the main character grows under vital forces that are capable of transforming life. Yet, there is too much of the fastidious air of the period about it which restricts it to the class of the period novel. Like the poetry of Dowson and the art of Beardsley, it is too poetic and artistic. The sequel to "Evelyn Innes," "Sister Theresa," is a parody, because George Moore comes into religion and life with the weird and immoral fancies of the art and love cults of the day. We feel that the immorality is not in object but rather in the mind of the writer.

In "Heloise and Abelard," and in the "Brook Kerith," we have a rather perfect standard for judging Moore. They are historical novels, a fact that should have moved the writer to release himself from the petty restrictions of his own art. George Moore was as devoid of historical perspective as the Pater of "The Imaginary Portraits." In treating Abelard, he never attempted an analysis of his philosophy; he forgot that ideas were as dear to him as love, with the inevitable result that the Abelard who moves through his pages is a love-sick child of the nineties. The same principle applies to "The Brook Kerith." He tells us that to produce this story, he dreamed over the New Testament until he became mentally intoxicated to a point of hallucination. In a dream, man distorts things into his own image. Hence, he rejects everything except what the imagination dictated to him to retain. In writing the story he was moved by the "Souvenirs" of Renan, in which all facts and objects are seen through a lovely mist. Such a process may lead to literature, but not to truth.

When George Moore was not attempting to shock the world, he was a subtle and penetrating critic. In "Impressions and Opinions," in "Modern Painters," in "Reminiscences of Impressionist Painters" and in "The Confessions" he recalls with charm the qualities inherent in French painting and the romantic glamor of the great literary leaders of the time. His mind, or rather his feelings, wind their ways into the secret of Degas, Monet and Manet to such an extent that we have a revelation of the spirit that animated them in life and in work. He makes their canvas speak the exact emotion that called the picture into life. When he was stirred by the beauty of painting and music, not even Arthur Symons can rival him in giving a picture of the man and the hidden secrets of his art. He follows them from the state of chaos in the artist's soul, until the final work is achieved. If one wishes to understand the life and art of the nineties, its life and tempo are perfectly given in the criticism of Moore. He literally becomes the painting or the poem, and moved by the pleasure of the vision that then dawns, he catches the secret and origin of the romantic beauty of art. No one has surpassed him in the shrewd things he has written on French painters; whilst no one has equalled him in explaining the spirit of the schools of Beaudelaire and Verlaine. His interpretation of Balzac is a masterpiece of critical sensibility and intelligence.

His "Hail and Farewell" was one of the great critical works of the generation, but no one took it seriously because of its satire. He realized what was flagrantly childish and immature in the Irish Renaissance. He was the first to sense the fact that the movement was too extremely bound to an attitudinarianism beloved by its leaders. He saw through the weakness of the movement, that its leaders were pursuing fairies with "Candles of Vision," when they should have been in love with ideas. The immateriality of its writing and the pride and pomp of its leaders were realized by him. The poetic dandyism of Yeats, the Nirvana philosophy of A. E. and the insularity of a Hyde were appreciated by him at a time in which the outer world was intoxicated by the lure of the Irish. He saw they had the minds of children, dowered with a dash of genius. "Hail and Farewell" is one of those books that should mark an epoch in a nation's life, but Ireland, like Don Quixote, never saw its own face reflected in Moore's art. Ireland laughed at Moore's criticism, only to find his ideas perpetually recurrent.

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THE BELLS OF SAN JACINTO: II[1]

By DON MARQUIS

(7)

THE WORK of casting the bell was attended with immense difficulty. They had to make many experiments before they even got a melting-pot which was practical, which would endure the heat, and which could be tipped to turn its contents into the mold. The mold itself gave them infinite trouble. They were forced to make numerous tentative trials, rehearsals as it were, with lead and soft, baser metal, before they dare trust their precious retrieved bell metal to the crude equipment which they had devised.

The task was entrusted to Fernando the *alcalde* and Miguel and Gabriel. And it was made slower by the fact that Gabriel's heart would wander from this work.

"He steals off and works at his angel when we need him most," Fernando complained to Miguel; "and I have told the Padre so."

It was apparent to Miguel that Consuelo encouraged the artist in this. She was flattered, no doubt, even though she considered herself his superior in caste. Of this girl Consuelo I get an impression that remained with my grandfather to the end of his days; and I do not think of her as particularly angelic. She was lithe, quick, vivid, wilful, and not at all averse to having two men in love with her, not above encouraging both of them by turns. Fernando and Gabriel were the two most important persons, excepting the Padre himself, who had come to the *hacienda* from the ruined mission; it increased her value in her own eyes and in the eyes of all that little world. No doubt her manner answered to the rapid beat and heyday of her young quick blood; her instinct was to delay her choice and prolong her power.

"She was a bird that can be a long time still upon its wings," Miguel said to me, with a simplicity of imagery drawn from our Indian habit of observing nature; "and then will plunge and swoop, suddenly."

Miguel heard Fray Juan Garcia say to her one day: "You must keep away from the shed where they are making the bell, my daughter."

"It shall be as you say, Padre," she acquiesced. But she did not do so. Outwardly, she did not fail in respect to the priest. But her movements were dictated by no inner rhythm of that piety which, for the most part, governed the other charges of Fray Juan Garcia. Whether she was wheeling and darting, brushing with her provocative pinions the mood of Fernando or the dream of Gabriel, now the one and now the other, or whether she floated brooding on quiet wings listening to admonitions from the Padre which she would not heed, she was subject to an inward wildness which evaded and ignored restraint.

Said Miguel: "I knew she was not the angel Gabriel thought her." He added: "She was not bad; but she was not tamed."

They had made a shed of poles covered with palm-leaf thatch, one long side of it open, for their work upon the bell. Coming in one afternoon Miguel found Fernando and Gabriel in violent altercation. A blow hung in the air. He rushed between them and received it himself, from Gabriel's fist.

An instant later, while all three stood appalled at this explosion, the Padre's shadow fell across them where they stood in the wash of sun that slanted in beneath the thatch, and they turned to him, waiting for his words. But his eye passed them and found in the shadow what Miguel had missed—Consuelo seated upon the bricks of the unfinished furnace. Her still mood was upon her, her chin was in her hands, and she looked intently upon this scene which she had provoked.

The Padre spoke first to her. "You will go to your room in the Señor's house," he said. "This night you will spend upon your knees in prayer. Tomorrow, if your heart has found the grace to send for me, I shall come and fix the penance it has begun to hunger for."

For his mind went at once to the place where lay the essential guilt of this quarrel. "He often knew things," Miguel said, "without asking anyone."

Consuelo, for a long moment, did not stir, although I can imagine the fire of those eyes which were like coals from the forge burning into her, even into her. She continued to gaze at the two men who loved her, as if wondering how this thing had come about, but fascinated by it, too. Then she got up, quietly, and, saying nothing to the Padre, went quietly out and toward the Señor's house—not defiant in her manner toward the Padre, but as if she had become aware of something in herself his words did not touch.

Fray Juan Garcia turned to Fernando and Gabriel. "Bad Christians!" he said. "Wicked hearts of perverse children!" He took the great iron crucifix from his girdle and raised it in front of them. "You who cease the work dedicated to God and turn to strife and contention!" They trembled, for his speech found their souls. "Down upon your knees!" he said.

"I knelt, too," Miguel told me; "even though I had not struck a blow, but only received one. I could not help it—no one could have helped it when he spoke in that manner and looked like that."

(8)

Fernando and Gabriel, apparently repentant after the Padre had taken them in hand, were also apparently reconciled to one another through his ministrations. Miguel had no doubt that Gabriel was genuinely contrite; his manner toward Fernando showed that. Fernando received his friendship with a taciturnity that

[1] This story, begun in last week's issue, will be concluded nex tweek.

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might have indicated nothing more than external obedience to the priest, and Miguel was afraid that this was the case.

The work on the bell went forward, and the owner of the *hacienda* set an example of sacrifice and devotion by giving them two silver candlesticks, a chain of gold, and a golden snuff-box, to be included in the metal when the time for casting should finally come. Inspired by this, so many others brought little trinkets that the heap of them embarrassed the artizans. "Our bell shall be the most wonderful bell in the world," said the simple Indians.

Gabriel, although he was genuinely contrite, nevertheless once again incurred the displeasure of Fray Juan Garcia. For again he deserted the work on the bell to employ himself upon the angel—this time at the direct instigation of Consuelo. She had gone through all the outward forms of the penance which the Padre had imposed upon her; but it was evident that this was all. And this time, when Gabriel got himself rebuked again because of her, he seemed to have acquired some of her own stubborn deafness to the Padre's admonitions. He even tried to argue the matter.

"And one did not argue with Fray Juan Garcia," said Miguel.

Miguel wondered at the resentment which Gabriel seemed to feel toward the Padre—Gabriel who had been always the pattern of an eager obedience, whose own nature had helped to make discipline beautiful. Was Satan, whom Fray Juan Garcia had fought so long and so vigorously, creeping into this little community?

The final preparations for casting the bell proceeded in a silence that was all but complete. For days, toward the end of their task, Fernando and Gabriel did not speak except when their work made it necessary, and Miguel, sorrowful and depressed, followed their example. Finally, all the preliminary experiments had been made; and at dusk one day Miguel went to tell the Padre that they were ready—in the morning the actual casting might be done.

"Good," said the Padre, and told Miguel that he had planned a little ceremony, at which the whole community should be present.

Fernando and Gabriel were still in the shed when Miguel left; one or the other of them would stay there all night, perhaps, feeding the furnace to its final sweltering heat, making all ready for the morning.

It was just dawn when Miguel returned to the shed, and as he entered it Fray Juan Garcia himself joined him. Both stopped when they saw Fernando, seated upon the ground with his back against one of the poles which supported the roof, and asleep. He looked worn-out, and there was an angry wound upon his forehead—very obviously a burn—nearly the size of a man's forefinger. It looked as if it might be so painful that it was strange that he could sleep.

But his sleep seemed to come from an utter exhaustion. The Padre spoke to him, and he did not wake. The Padre was compelled to shake him vigorously by the shoulder to arouse him; and he finally stood up looking stupid and confused.

"Where is Gabriel?" asked the priest. "We must talk over our little ceremony."

Fernando did not answer for a moment; he stood leaning against the pole, and his hand went to his burned forehead.

Finally he said: "Gabriel is gone."

"Gone?" It was evident the Padre did not understand. Miguel saw Fernando's throat go through the motions of swallowing before he spoke again, and he spoke slowly as if the weight of his lips made them hard to move.

"North," he said. "Where the gold is."

"What are you telling me?"

"He did not want to see you—we cast the bell, and he left. While it was yet dark."

"You cast the bell?"

Fernando's hand fumbled with the burn on his forehead again. "I burned myself," he said, stupidly; "there was a splash of the molten metal."

"Did you just now say to me that you had cast the bell?" The Padre's tone implied that he thought Fernando might not yet be fully awake—that he was talking in his sleep.

Fernando made an effort as if he were pulling himself painfully to solid land out of some quicksand, and said: "I do not like to tell you this, Padre. Gabriel is gone, because he is angry at you. In the night, in the middle of the night, the furnace became hot—much quicker than we had thought it would. Gabriel began to fling our metal into the pot." He paused a moment, and again fingered his forehead. "The metal began to feel the heat; to melt, Padre. And it was two or three hours ago he said to me that we should cast the bell at once, for the metal was ready. I reminded him that you must be present, and he said that he did not want to see you again—that we should cast this bell, and then he would go; and he would never see you again."

To Miguel, this would have seemed incredible a few weeks since—before Gabriel had got his last rebuke from the Padre and had received it badly. But, now, it might well be true; perhaps Gabriel was angry and ashamed as well, ashamed to face Fray Juan Garcia. Miguel was perplexed; he could see that the Padre likewise was perplexed.

"So," said Fernando; "the bell is cast."

"Angry at me!" murmured the Padre to himself. And Miguel could see that Fray Juan Garcia was deeply and painfully hurt, for he had loved this Gabriel. "And that he should go to the gold fields—I have warned him against gold!" Indeed, the Padres had known there was gold in the country long before the discoveries at Sacramento, and had discouraged the Indians from seeking it. "Gabriel," said the Padre; "gone! He will be a lamb amongst those wolves of Americans!"

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"I tried to dissuade him," said Fernando.

"I do not think you did," said Fray Juan Garcia, sternly. "I think you are glad that he is gone."

It was as if Fernando had been able to pull a weighty earthen mask of dullness and stupidity over his emotions, for he faced the Padre with a kind of stolid assurance.

"That he should harbor anger at me!" said the Padre. And then: "Fernando, you must go after him, and bring him back. I shall write a letter that you must carry to him, for you must find him, wherever he is."

Fernando paused before he answered, and then he said only: "Yes, Padre."

"Come, I shall get the letter ready—you must start this day."

And they all left the shed without one of them looking at this bell, still hot in its mold.

For One Who Said "Alleluia!"

Frost still in the ground, stained snow banked hard by the garden path—
Winter has not yet spent all of its wrath.
But winter is over and gone for me. The grey
Of the sullen sky to sunny blue soon will give way,
Yes, any minute now! For I hear a voice
Hail me in joyous greeting making my heart rejoice,
A voice ringing with deathless life—greening and growing things
Spring in the sound of its echo; the first brave bird that sings,
The bud that blossoms to leaf and flower, they are on the way! I know—
I know in spite of the frozen ground and the lingering snow,
And the wind-dark sky—
I know because I hear a cry
Hailing me as I go—
Alleluia! Alleluia!
I know!

Winter will come again, and the frozen ground where I tread
Will speak of the hard-dug grave—even the sun will be dead,
Cold and dead and gone for me, and the sodden sky
Will cry to me over and over, *"You must die, you must die!*
No more for you the bright wind blowing, clearing the clouds away,
No more the first brave bird to sing you up for the day,
Nor bud nor leaf to bloom ever again for you—
Night for you now and never again the breaking blue
Of light and high bright sunny spaces."
No! But no!
There will be light and promise of light, wherever I go,
A clearing sky
A joyous cry
Hailing me as I go—
Alleluia! Alleluia!

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE

By BARRY BYRNE

WHILE the housing section of the exhibition of the Architectural League, at the American Fine Arts Society Building, may be classed as propaganda, it was so well documented and honest, that it escapes the unpleasant implications of statements assembled for a purpose. This housing exhibition, arranged by Miss Catherine Bauer, was admirable and the contrasts shown between slum examples and model housing developments, were well and simply accentuated. Descriptive matter was printed as part of each display and contributed an element of direct and related information. It was an effective piece of social propaganda and was a distinctive and important architectural showing. The decorative scheme of the exhibition was of dissonant character, in its color, and the refreshment of this tonic scheme was a happy contrast to what usually obtains.

The evil of congested housing was displayed in all of its depressing squalor and in effective relation to it, model housing in Europe and America. The European exhibits, particularly those of Germany, Holland and Russia, were superior both in their quality of design and in their well-based social aspect. The American entries, in contrast, were inferior in their architectural quality, and the net offering was characterized by the small tastefulness of such developments as Radburn and Sunnyside in the New York region. This portion of the display was not notable, for any character that raised it above an elemental ordinariness. However, it represented an accomplishment in the field of social endeavor.

The balance of the exhibition, devoted to stage arts, architecture, sculpture and mural painting, occupied three large connected galleries. It was arranged by Mr. Joseph Urban, who was awarded this years president's medal, by the Architectural League, for the exhibition design. Because this was entrusted to Mr. Urban there was definite expectation that it would be a unified display. His skill in arrangement was evident, and if the spectator was left rather cold by the sweetened austerities of the design, it was due to a feeling that here was performance only, rather than the vital creation of an artist. To deny Mr. Urban's qualities as a self-directing designer would be folly. Perhaps the fatigue resulting from overproduction permeated his work in this instance, for it seemed rather tired. It was so well finished and still lacked power to move one, except in the direction of dull acceptance. It was superior in skill to the average of the exhibit, for which it served as background, yet it was curiously in unity with the extraordinary complacency evident in the total showing.

The first gallery was devoted to the theatre arts, which are always provocative of interest. The stage, because of the lack of permanency of its decoration, offers a field for design in which a living play spirit, deeply essential in all the arts, should find accepted place and be an active agent in determining the general character and forms. The seriousness of the play art in this exhibit was unquestionable, in fact it was impossible to escape it. Admirable as seriousness of purpose is, the artist who takes himself too seriously impairs the quality of his product. There was here, overevident, that excessive self-consciousness which afflicts Americans who aspire to a higher plane in the arts. The emphasis on the ecstatic, at present so unpleasantly prominent in American architectural modernism, was also strongly in evidence in this stage work and it leads to the question whether the stage infected architecture with this baneful quality, or the reverse. A measure of happy relief occurred in the work of Boris Aronson, where a wholesome unpretentiousness and spon-

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taneity indicated more accord with the purpose of the design. Among the other exhibitors were Robert Edmond Jones, Joseph Urban, Norman Bel Geddes and Lee Simonson.

While the theatre arts exhibit was representative of much of the best that is being done for the theatre in this country, the architectural exhibition, in the second gallery, was so conservative in tone, that it attained only the level of the academic. Prominent among the exhibits was the design of the Cornell Medical Center, awarded this year's League gold medal, as an outstanding architectural design. It was well illustrated with two models. One was that of the skeleton of the building, divested of its architectural envelopment, and the other was of the building as it appears finished, overlooking the East River, in simulated feudal grandeur.

It is illuminating to examine these two models of the Medical Center. As architecture is, in its essence, an honest reflection of basic reality, we have in these models a graphic illustration, from which to assay the architectural quality of the design. The skeleton model showed the reality of the building, which consists, mainly, of a repeat of uniform floor levels, impressive in this simple repetition which creates its own rhythm. The exterior architecture of the building, however, departs widely from this internal skeleton. It is super-ecstatic and the masses of its composition rise in successive piles, in that obvious monumentality which recent skyscrapers have made popular. The great arched windows repeat the ecstatic super-imposition of the masses and are carried through numerous floors so that an impression is created of a series of gigantic halls, the whole effect being an exterior that denies the internal structure. The total is overmassive for its purpose and construction, and it possesses neither aesthetic nor structural relationship. It is testimony of the architects' courage that the evidence of lack of integrated relationship, in this building, was offered in such conclusive and tangible form, in these two models. This building, because of the award given it and the simulation that activates the design, is fairly typical of the entire gallery of photographs, models and drawings.

The exhibition maintained a uniform tone of tastefulness and there was indicated, occasionally, a mild heretical interest in that modernism which takes the form of an emasculation of historic architectures. One turned from these to the more sustained historicism of Delano and Aldrich with a measure of relief. The architectural simulation was complete enough here to have the effect of conviction. However, the essential unreality was, in substance, the same.

The sculpture and mural section of the exhibition which occupied the third gallery, displayed, in varying degrees, all the clichés of modernism in these arts. It was not an enlivening aggregation of material, nor was there any indication of the architectural perception necessary to relate these arts to buildings. In its essence, it was in agreement with the effete modernism of Radio City, and regardless of the fact that Roxy is reported to have rejected certain of these exhibits, intended for his playhouse, most of this display really belonged there.

Et incarnatus est. . . . Et assumpta est

A dew drop clinging to a gossamer
The vast sun holds within its tiny sphere
For one tense moment, then in bliss
Is rapt in the ardor of the sun's kiss.
E'en so, a lowly Maid once held the Immortal One
And was assumed in the embrace of the Eternal Sun.

J. A. Carey.

COMMUNICATIONS

WORK FOR THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor: The Commonweal, issue of March 15, gave a letter from Parochus, captioned, "Work for the Knights of Columbus." The undersigned would tell Parochus that the order has been and is at present dressing up its ranks. Its "armor is not getting rusty." It is true, in fact, that inaction was the cause of deterioration in organizations in the past, and mention could be made of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, and of the Catholic Benevolent Legion, both of which counted some eighty thousand members. The C.M.B.A. was merged finally into a secular insurance society, and the C.B.L. is now striving to increase its ten thousand membership. The female counterpart of both organizations, also the Catholic Daughters of America and kindred others, have done much better in the way of stability and increase. There is ample room, among the laity of both sexes, for those or other well-founded organizations.

The Order of the Knights of Columbus was itself evolved from a parochial benefit society, into what was known at first as the Sons of Columbus, and later as the Knights of Columbus. It was not increasing its ranks in the Eastern states encouragingly. A contingent from Beacon Council of Boston invaded New York around 1901, and the boom was on. It is true that a council had been formed in Brooklyn before that year, which is still existant. Its charter members were Bostonians, then employed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, but the council was quite dormant, until that boom began. New York Council No. 124 was initiated by Beacon, and the undersigned was its first chaplain, is so at present, and was its first State Chaplain, continuing as such for a few years. He was instrumental, through the New York State Convention, in putting through a resolution which reached the Supreme Convention finally, where it was carried by a slight majority only. This gave the Supreme Chaplain, the Reverend Patrick McGivney, a vote in the Supreme Council, which he had not enjoyed before.

The order has lost thousands of its associate and insurance memberships, which it is now strenuously striving to regain, through worth-while financial inducements, as well as seeking to secure a million brethren, as an aftermath of its Golden Jubilee. It has suffered from the indifference of many brothers, who lost their first fervor, and no one can tell definitely of the practical Catholicity of the thousands of brothers, in over 2,600 councils in the United States or elsewhere. It was never a parochial body, but is now a national one.

The undersigned is at present working to form circles in every council of the order for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, whose headquarters are at Maryknoll, New York. He had found out that quite all the Maryknoll priests, as well as Brothers, were Knights of Columbus. His plan is simple, entailing no big financial outlay when properly understood, nor does it conflict with any provision of our Constitution. So far sixty-two councils in Manhattan, Bronx, Staten Island, Brooklyn and New Jersey have assented, after the personal visitation of the undersigned to meetings. If he succeeds, through correspondence, in interesting the State Deputies and Grand Knights of the whole order, what will it not mean in the aggregate for the aid of our foreign missionaries? He considers this work as Catholic Action, so urgently called for by the Supreme Pontiff.

In his forty-eight years of service in the New York Archdiocese, he has taken part in parochial visitations, which he be-

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lieves to be the best preparation for a Catholic mission. They were always begun months ahead. He fully agrees that "in a few blocks there was more than sufficient work" for the visiting priests—yes, would have been also for the nuns, now known as Parish Visitors.

Agreeing entirely with all that Parochus suggests, he would have the Kinghts of Columbus as well as all parochial societies, engage in the canvass he calls for. He knows that some, at least, of the Knights of Columbus belong to their parish societies, and that in a world forgetful of God "now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation," when priests and laity should all take on the apostolic spirit in organized form, to gain souls. Our separated brethren—atheistic, heretical, Jewish—could not but notice our canvass for God and country.

CHAPLAIN.

Westmount, Que.

TO the Editor: Your correspondent, Parochus, stressed a very live issue in THE COMMONWEAL of March 15 when indicting the Knights of Columbus for the lack of any practical peace-time program of action. Though boy welfare is the reputed present program of the order, it is a well recognized fact that the majority of councils have failed to exhibit any sympathy or interest in this measure—possibly due to the impractical nature of the Columbian Squires, and their failure in certain try-out centers, such as Montreal.

It is high time the supreme officers of the order should take note of the general apathy in the ranks of the organization as far as participation is concerned in any worthy movement. Many accredited delegates within recent years have traveled long distances to the annual conventions of the Knights to discuss this very measure, only to meet with official disregard by the high officials who did not choose to lose their popularity among the delegates at large and who ruled out of order all and any such constructive considerations. It is this very lack of objectives which is causing so many aggressive Knights to ask if they are still within the fold of that body formerly referred to as the strong right arm of the Church. Had the supreme officers given major consideration to this commonly heard complaint, the success of the recently conducted membership drive would have been assured.

There are many activities which the Knights of Columbus could with profit engage in as an order. The institution of a radio broadcasting station might well become an affair of interest. So would be the financial backing and sponsoring of Mr. David Goldstein's missionary activities to the man-on-the-street. Undoubtedly many other very necessary measures could be adopted by America's largest Catholic lay organization with profit to themselves and Catholicism.

Securing an influx of new members, while contentedly losing many more through disinterest based upon warped orientation of our fraternal leaders, is a condition which should engage the best thought within the order, if this organization is to escape the fate of other Catholic bodies as pointed out by Parochus and a year or two ago by the far-sighted editor of *America*. The present-day Catholic young man is not content to join the Knights of Columbus upon the record of their war program, as he persistently asks the question, "What are the Knights doing today?"

As a member of many years' standing in the Knights of Columbus, your correspondent has been hard pressed to find a convincing—yet truthful—reply to this oft-repeated query.

COLUMBANUS.

THOUGHTS ON ASH WEDNESDAY

Hanover, N. H.

TO the Editor: The church is dimly lit. Outside, the snow is falling softly among the hills in the night. I am kneeling with many others; we are praying to a woman who lived nineteen hundred years ago. Our words come in monotones, responses to the words of a single man kneeling before the altar. "Pray for us, Pray for us," we say and say and say. Softly. We are speaking in low tones. The candles gleam on the altar; we are looking into them. There is silence. Then a vessel is raised on the altar. The candles make its gold gleam against the dark wood behind. It holds a disk of paste hardened into bread. A bell is struck three times; we bow our heads before the paste. Inside ourselves there is something which is reaching out to something inside the paste. Our lips cannot define, we only know there is a reaching out, that is all. Men's voices are singing softly, "Tantum ergo sacramentum, veneremur cernui. . . ." The notes are lost in the dimness of the vaulted beams and again there is silence.

Slowly people move up to the wood-carven altar rail. Young men in camel's-hair coats, handsome, tall. Young men of culture, of money, whose fathers have pounded on mahogany in skyscraper offices, who some day themselves will grind out big affairs through dictaphones. One by one they kneel and rise with a mark upon their foreheads. It is ashes. A woman passes me: she is forty and heavy with child. Her steps are slow, her shoes are worn out at the heels, her coat is black and poor on her wide back. On the flesh of her face run a thousand gullies; she has great strong hands. I can see her kneel and rise. And on her skin is a daub of blackness.

The candles are gleaming and burning lower. The only noise is the shuffle of feet, and low, repeated words in Latin. I am dreaming. I feel the caress of a fur sleeve against my elbow. A beautiful figure moves by, slowly, also, wrapped tightly in rich brown, for which many traps in many forests have contributed. The face is familiar, I recognize her. Saw her at a dance the other night, her slim body gowned in white like a glove, her hair drawn back behind her ears, the *fraîcheur* of her smile incredible. . . . I remember the luxurious sway of her gracefulness as we danced to an old waltz revived from the war. Again I remember the smile in her eyes, on her lips. She has passed me. Now I can see her kneel and rise and turn. And the mark, it is there too, rough blackness on the white of her forehead.

The noise of feet softens. People are leaving. Yet an old man shuffles by, bent like a cane, his head hanging loosely—secured by a few strings, I think to myself. His flesh is brown and taut; the skull underneath starts out. Painstakingly he moves forward and kneels and rises, little by little. The black mark is there. He passes down the aisle.

Finally no one is here. There is no one before the altar. Then an altar-boy comes in and cups out the candles one after another; some were nearly out anyway, some have been lit for the first time tonight and were barely melted at all. I get up to go.

The church is nearly in darkness. Outside, the snow is still falling and melting where the sidewalk had been cleaned. A dormitory casement is ajar. Inside I can hear a radio grinding out hot-cha from New York: "If I could be . . . with you . . . one hour . . . tonight."

I move on slowly through the slush.

Hot-cha and ashes.

T. V. P., JR.

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THE WARD METHOD

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I listened with great interest and delight to Dr Damrosch last Friday morning in the Music Appreciation Hour, and it gives me courage to ask you for the space to beg all those interested in elementary parochial education, to place the Ward method of teaching in their schools. Dr. Damrosch said there were 6,000,000 children listening to his voice! After a little talk he played the opening bars of "Old Folks at Home."

Now, how many of those 6,000,000 children, even after a second hearing of so familiar a tune, could catch that melody and put it on paper? Thorough familiarity with the scale, and practice, should enable them to do so.

Dr. Damrosch gave the time, but in the first four measures there are four different rhythms, with the tone pulsating underneath.

"Let no one," says Mrs. Ward, "confuse time with rhythm. They are two distinct things."

Only the tune changes in the "Humoresque." The rhythm remains, and as the tune has a smooth upward sweep and down again, it would be easy dictation, when the rhythm is grasped.

The Ward method teaches just that. An ear-trained mind, a well-placed musical voice, a melodic sense that can be used to advantage in talented children, and also a harmonic sense developed, for when the scale line is thoroughly developed, the chord lines are presented in vertical form, and harmony is learned unconsciously.

The Ward method trains the child not only in the love of beautiful music, through the eye, ear, muscle-sense, heart and mind—but makes ready, through this daily training, the restoration of the music of our ancient Church in her liturgical worship, for a new world of beauty is opened to the child in the study of Gregorian chant.

A. JANE IVERS.

THE GREEN PASTURES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The news in today's *Times* that the Negroes of Washington, D. C., will be permitted to attend the performance of "Green Pastures" under special conditions, is sad and disquieting. When you realize that only in the national capital are racial prejudices so strong as to result in discrimination against Negroes witnessing a great play about their race, in contrast to the freedom from discrimination which has attended the presentation of the play in other parts of the country, the incident in Washington appears only the more outrageous.

As a trustee of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute at Ridge, Maryland, I look back with great pleasure on the performance of "Green Pastures" which was given as a benefit for the Institute. I am proud of the fact that at the commencement exercises and other public meetings which have been held at the Institute, white and colored met on terms of equality, and that any suggestion of segregation or discrimination would not be tolerated for a moment.

In permitting the Negroes of Washington and of the United States to have been openly insulted at this time is a serious blunder. When the prejudice which led to the action is considered, its meanness and stupidity appear all the more glaring.

SCHUYLER N. WARREN, JR.

WHAT IS INTERNATIONAL LAW?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: It seems incongruous for THE COMMONWEAL to advocate a morality of expediency and yet that is the net result of the article, "What Is International Law," which appears in the issue of March 15.

A reading of "International Ethics," a publication of the Catholic Association for International Peace, will provide a standard whereby one may judge the validity of international law in specific cases and will give a lucid definition of its characteristics.

As for the post-war treaties, the League of Nations Covenant definitely provides for the review of treaties which have become inapplicable and for the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world. It cannot be said with justice that the very structure of the League is weakened by treaties that are subject to reconsideration on the advice of the Assembly of the League. In fact, the best way to secure revision of these treaties has always been by developing and strengthening the use of the League method of continuous collaboration, of face-to-face conferences and by a gradual supplanting of habits of selfish isolation by habits of coöperation, in a word, by developing international standards of morality.

Your article prompts these questions: Why prolong the life of the old false doctrine of might makes right by giving aid to nations who plan aggression? Why delay the process of development of international standards of morality which are in conformity with sound ethical principles? Why not strengthen the hands of those who labor to apply ethical principles to international relations? Surely, expediency is no answer.

MARY J. WORKMAN.

THE CHURCH AND CRIME

Ossining, N. Y.

TO the Editor: After a considerable respite, Father Callan writes again, supposedly a rebuttal.

His former charge, based on quoted versions, was my omission of five points of argument.

In reply, I quoted them from my original article.

Father Callan *now* concedes this.

So Endeth the Argument!

(The learned doctor then digresses at length to show how much better he could have treated the subject.

Perhaps! If "my good friend" Father Callan would come to Sing Sing and see the facts he *might* change some of his opinions. In the matter of prisons, a seminary professor doubtless sees differently from a person who practically lives in one.

But "this is another story." If the doctor is to take a new turn in every letter, he demands not a logician but an acrobat.)

REV. JOHN P. MCCAFFREY.

A MARIAN ANTHOLOGY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: May I draw attention to the fact that due to an error in editing, the title of the book I reviewed in the issue of March 8, "Theotokos. Après le Concile de Trente. La Mère de Dieu dans la Pensée, l'Art et la Vie," by Edmond Joly, was followed by, "Paris: Special Edition." This should have read, "Paris: Editions Spès." I believe this correction should be made for the information of your readers who might want to get the book.

MAURICE LAVANOUX.

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BOOKS

Religion in Hispania

The Other Spanish Christ: A Study in the Spiritual History of Spain and South America, by John A. Mackay. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THE STUDENT of religious conditions in South America will welcome this book because, even though he should share the present reviewer's rejection of its main thesis, he will recognize that the author has cast a little more light on a situation which has always been somewhat obscure. The activities of Protestant missioners from the United States in South America have been from the beginning a bit of a conundrum, even to some Protestants. Just what they were aiming at has never been quite clear, and their position was rendered still more anomalous when the Protestant Missionary Conference in Edinburgh declared they had no business to be in South America at all. Despite this pronouncement, Protestants from the United States continued their activities in our sister continent, with certain unpleasant consequences: (1) some of the South Americans they enticed from the Church began to betray a tendency to abandon Christianity altogether; (2) the United States government was suspected of financing Protestant propaganda as an entering wedge for Yankee imperialism; (3) an unflattering opinion of North American culture was formed from some of the specimens exported by Protestant missionary organizations in the United States. The sole point whereon the various Evangelistic groups seemed to agree was opposition to "the dominant Church," but of late even that position has been abandoned in certain quarters and occasional gestures of friendship made. Just what this new move meant was not immediately evident; now Dr. Mackay clarifies it for us. The more enlightened Protestant workers in South America have discovered that, after all, Catholicism contains some good elements. The great Spanish saints, the Catholic missioners of the colonial era, the appeal to the aesthetic sense, these are now perceived to be not wholly devoid of value; so from now on these and other elements of Catholic life are to be adopted and grafted on Evangelism to evolve a new and improved Christianity, which will be better than either Protestantism or Catholicism and will take the place both of the corrupt Christianity which has hitherto been offered by the Church and the cold, unintellectual and unartistic Protestantism which has failed to attract the Latins. So now let us be prepared to hear one of these days that the Protestants of Lima have been gathered in a highly decorated temple to make the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius or a novena to San Toribio.

This is quite a step. When the "Yanqui Protestante" first undertook to relieve the darkness of South American popery with the light of "the Gospel," he frankly presented himself as introducing a religion different from the Catholic. His religious services, his welfare activities, were obviously not Catholic, and in the letters he sent back to the United States, or the addresses he delivered there in person during his leaves of absence, the Church was represented as superstititious, obscurantist, narrow and responsible for the alleged vicious and wretched condition of South Americans generally. Sometimes these uncomplimentary presentations got back to South America and, since people do not as a rule enjoy being called ignorant, dirty, etc., the Protestant missioner in South America did not gain in popularity. Not only did the natives look askance at him, but United States diplomats here and there began to question the wisdom, not to say honesty, of such a method as a means of conciliating Latin America. It took, however, a long time for the lesson to sink in that people are not to be attracted by reflections on their morals, their education and their personal habits. Even as late as 1925 the Protestant Congress at Pocitos, under the impression that its sessions were secret, indulged in some rather severe strictures on South Americans, with the implication that the only hope for that unfortunate continent lay in Yankee Protestantism. To the embarrassment of its members the proceedings of the Congress were published, and the present reviewer recalls the consequent resentment not only against Protestants but against nearly everything that emanated from the United States. This feeling was especially strong in Uruguay and Argentina, because the citizens of those countries felt more injured than those of the rest of South America by the fact that the Congress had been held in the River Plate region. This incident showed that a new technique was necessary, and, though the old tune of superstition, ignorance and dirt was not entirely discarded, a new one was composed whose strains would, it was hoped, fall more pleasantly on Latin ears. Nice things were said about "the Latin soul," Saint Teresa and Saint John of the Cross were eulogized, along with Saint Rose of Lima, Fray Luís León and the Paraguay Missions, and the aesthetic aspect of Catholicism began to be an object of appreciative study with a view to producing a counterfeit. In short, the wolf had assumed sheep's clothing.

Just about this time a fortunate discovery was made. In Spain and in Spanish America a school of writers had arisen who professed to be attempting a new interpretation of Christianity which would supersede all others, including of course the Catholic. The works of men like Unamuno, Ricardo Rojas, Navarro Monzó, were lauded as witnessing to a craving for a Christianity finer than the corrupt Christianity of Rome; and this nebulous and chimerical religion was to be blended with some Catholic elements and presented to the South Americans as "the New Spanish Christ." The attempt to turn the South Americans into Protestants was to be given up as impossible, and instead they were to be converted into Liberal Catholics freed from the shackles of ecclesiasticism and dogma. And to further this noble effort national churches were to be advocated, emancipated from Rome and from all other foreign control. The policy of insult was to be replaced by an appeal to national and racial pride.

That ecclesiastical independence from Rome has already been attempted in some South American countries and has failed, seems not to deter the heralds of this new gospel. The scheme is to be given another trial. That it will succeed is unlikely, for the bonds uniting South America with the Holy See are stronger now than they have been since the days of Bolívar and San Martín. In the old Spanish days the Church was dominated by the Spanish Crown, a situation that left a lamentable heritage when Spain was driven out; and the nineteenth century saw a long agonizing effort to get rid of that tradition and to render the Church free to reform herself (as she greatly needed to do) and to set about her work unhampered. The separation from the state that has already been achieved in Brazil, Uruguay and Chile has proved, not an injury, as her enemies expected and hoped, but a blessing; and the great Latin American Council in Rome in 1899 was the dawn of a new day which is becoming ever brighter. In every department Catholic energies are quickening and the prospect is so much more encouraging now than it was fifty years ago, that one is constrained to cry out, "The finger of God is here!" Those who attend the Eucharistic Congress in Buenos Aires in 1934 will see plenty of evidence that in South America the Church is renewing her youth as the

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eagle, that she is alive to her own shortcomings, that she is looking forward, not to the mythical "other" Christ Dr. Mackay would offer, but rather to an intensified devotion to the only Christ that ever was or will be, the Christ brought to America by the Church which alone is commissioned by Him to preach Him to men. For the evils that linger, the remedy is not schism and heresy but a priesthood more carefully selected and more strictly trained, which will in turn produce a laity more thoroughly instructed in the Faith, and in the South American Church today the movement is in precisely that direction.

That Dr. Mackay's brand of neo-Christianity will make great headway in South America is not to be feared, but what is to be feared is that it will combine with "Evangelical" Christianity to destroy religion altogether in the souls of some of its proselytes, the Latin mind being too logical to rest in any halfway house between Catholicism and infidelity. If this occurs, future generations will see in South America what the present generation is seeing in other parts of the world, viz., a clear-cut issue between the Church of Christ and paganism. The notable improvements that have been effected in the last quarter of a century give strong ground for hoping that, when that war begins, the Catholics of South America will be ready.

EDWIN RYAN.

A Great Cardinal

Rafael Cardinal Merry del Val: A Character Sketch, by F. A. Forbes. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, $2.00.

ALL WHO lived in or who are interested in those intellectually tumultuous years of the Church's history from the last decade of the nineteenth century until the Treaty of the Lateran, must read this book. It is a character sketch, and it removes the last vestige of excuse, if excuse ever existed, for misunderstanding this great Cardinal.

Some professed to see in him a narrow-minded man. They must have been among those who did not know him. It was not a narrow mind which after exhaustive investigation in Canada drew up for Leo XIII the Report on the Manitoba Controversy. Neither is it a narrow mind which is revealed in these pages as the spiritual director of countless souls. The most conclusive answer to such charges is in their vagueness.

Equally nebulous was the libel one sometimes heard that he was a personally ambitious man. Seldom indeed can it have fallen to the lot of anyone to have had a career forced upon him more reluctantly or to see his life's work shaped by circumstances over which he had less control. Again and again he attempted to escape to what was nearest his heart, the duties of a parish priest, preferably in a poor quarter of London.

Rafael Merry del Val began his education for the priesthood at Ushaw, a college for which throughout his life he retained the liveliest affection, as evidenced by the intimate letters to its Rector published in this book. From Ushaw he went to Rome, bound for the Scots College; but, on the eve of entering that interesting institution, Leo XIII, to the student's and his father's amazement, and contrary to their opinion, insisted upon his being transferred to the Academia. This intervention altered the whole course of his career. Instead of being ordained for the Archdiocese of Westminster, as he had hoped, he was now definitely launched upon the diplomatic career. In retrospect one cannot regret the change. He was unusually qualified for that career. At the time he entered the Academia, his father was Spanish Ambassador in Vienna. He himself therefore by nationality was Spanish. But he was born in England, was partly English by parentage, and was

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NEXT WEEK

HONEYMOONING, by Charles Willis Thompson, who is one of the most experienced and widely known political analysts of the United States, considers what is going to happen to Mr. Roosevelt, Congress and the country now that a brief and bright period, which Mr. Thompson characterizes by his title, shows signs of being over, and the stern duties and tiring repetitions of life appear again emerging out of a mist of dreams. About such things is Mr. Thompson's story and he presents it with his usual clarity, cogency and tartness. . . . THE BELLS OF SAN JACINTO, by Don Marquis, the second instalment of which is in this issue, will be concluded in the next. . . . THE WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE, by Gerhard Hirschfeld, is a careful and realistic résumé of a complicated affair that is soon to occupy an important place in international events and that may—we are getting chary of expecting much from these things—be the beginning of a new chapter in international coöperation. . . . YET AGAIN THE SEA, by C. C. Martindale, tells of the need of seamen who are outside all normal relation to parish, diocese and even to nation, and of what is being done for them by the International Council of the Sea-Apostolate. This reveals many interesting and little-known facts about the lives of seafarers.

entirely English in mentality. As he himself put it, he was "for all intents and purposes English." His command of languages was, however, so far reaching that he could at will turn himself, linguistically, into a Spaniard, an Italian, a Frenchman or a German. When it is added that he possessed a full inheritance of diplomatic gifts, that he had a passion for work, an unusual power of concentration, a retentive memory, a keen insight into character, an indomitable will and a superb presence, it will be realized that he combined a formidable array of natural qualifications for the post of Cardinal Secretary of State.

It is far too soon to form an historical judgment on the various policies pursued during his tenure of that office; and little attempt, wisely, is made to discuss the subject in this volume. But a lucid account is given of the troubled relations with the French government, ending in the Law of Separation between Church and State. The value of the book, however, is not in matters of this kind. Its fascination lies in enabling us to see beyond the natural gifts of the man, beyond the affairs of state which he was conducting, into his very soul. His friends knew something of the austerity of his life, but the "hair shirt and the blood-stained discipline found in a locked drawer" after his sudden death came as a surprise to them. The truth is that under the pomp and ceremony of his office, which he maintained with the greatest regard to its dignity, he was living the life of an ascetic. Like numerous other of the great Christian ascetics, he was the gayest and most joyful of men with a keen sense of humor. But the characteristic which stood out more than any other was his deep sympathy and practical charity for the poor, particularly among the wildest elements of the Trastevere who adored him.

It is a pity that space forbids some quotations illustrating this delightfully human side of his character. But in conclusion the reader may be recommended to turn to that revealing passage where the Cardinal is described kneeling at the deathbed of Pius X. It is the finest piece of writing in a well-written book, and it is a fitting scene at which to end this review. That moment marked the end of an epoch. There are certain moments in every life which seem to be snatched from the passage of time and to remain fixed immovably like steady beacons illuminating the procession of years. Such a moment in my experience is a certain early morning in August, 1914, when happening to arrive in the city of Chartres, I heard the great cathedral bell proclaiming the death of Pius X. If ever there was the final closing of an era, it was then; and still often in memory I can hear the tolling from that belfry fading away over the French countryside.

ROBERT WILBERFORCE.

Corydon to Thyrsis

The Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh Clough; edited with an introductory essay by Howard Foster Lowry. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

THE INTELLECTUAL movements of the nineteenth century in many cases grew out of personal friendships and associations of an almost classic integrity, which survived from an earlier and calmer age only to be severely tested and even split apart by the disruptions that followed. Bentham and James Mill, Coleridge and Wordsworth, Godwin and Shelley, Carlyle and J. S. Mill, Newman and Keble, Arnold and Clough, and Blunt and Wyndham all shared the profound personal sympathy which generates the liveliest enthusiasm in thought and art. It remained a saving idealism even when the

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conditions of such loyalty became painful and dubious, or impossible. The age of change was altering beliefs and loyalties alike. The Englishman is likely to cling to loyalties even when faiths are changing beyond recognition or compromise. The struggle to reconcile them often plumbs the depths of character, and yields documents which, in informal sincerity, illuminate the serious art and dignity that surround them: the "Biographia Literaria," "Loss and Gain," and the innumerable diaries and letters with which the Victorian age teems.

The friendship of Arnold and Clough, threatened by the griefs of the time, remained tranquil. The only misgiving their correspondence records was a private one, growing out of gradually separating personal interests and out of Arnold's critical austerity, even when judging an old friend's work. Arnold, in "The Scholar Gypsy" and "Thyrsis," has given that friendship its due memorial. From Rugby school, where Arnold was the headmaster's son and Clough the star pupil already slated to bring poetic honor to his academy, it grew into the spiritual alliance for which Oxford, in the later years of the Tractarian Movement, was the proper setting and the pastoral elegances of Arnold's poems the appropriate commemoration. It did not rest on merely personal interest. The "Apostles" at Cambridge and the Tractarians at Oxford had set a standard for earnest discussion which urged upon the young men of the middle-century exalted ambitions far outstripping the perfunctory or inherited careers of earlier generations. The earlier letters in the present volume show the tumult of ideas and conjectures in which the Oxford years were spent, and through which Arnold and Clough entered the "iron age." Thereafter came the test of strength which finally proved Arnold both the greater critic and, despite Clough's brilliant promise, the greater poet, although a poet and critic incomplete by his own standards as well as ours. "The liberal tempered by experience" fell between the rigor of his intellect and the compassion of his feeling, as much as between the dilemmas of faith and doubt in his age.

From youthful exuberance his letters grow into the gravity and temporization of middle age, and thus into the regrets of later life. When Clough died he took with him the knowledge of what Oxford, in its ancient security and detachment, had meant to Arnold both when he wrote the Preface to "Essays in Criticism" and "Thyrsis," and continuously until his own death in 1888. Clough remained an uncorrupted (if frustrated) reminder of that sanctity. "In the saturnalia of ignoble personal passions, of which the struggle for literary success, in old and crowded communities, offers so sad a spectacle, he never mingled. He had not yet traduced his friends, nor flattered his enemies, nor disparaged what he admired, nor praised what he despised." For Arnold he remained a mirror of his own profoundest problems. The querulous perplexity and self-scrutiny of the age echoes throughout the letters. The friendship was not between heroes, but it was marked by the integrity of its classic models. For that reason, as well as for its literary memorials, it remains a notable incident among the collapsing values of the Victorian age.

Until the publication of these letters its exact lineaments could not be traced. Professor Lowry deserves gratitude for his editorial industry. His annotations are exhaustive—and excessive. One is troubled by the suspicion that in demanding for a book of less than two hundred pages the coöperation of nine institutions and seventy-eight persons he has contributed to literary scholarship only at the cost of making his task an international nuisance. But when the letters are extracted from the annotation that smothers them, they will reward the reader by disclosing intimately two notable lives in their spiritual setting.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

THE CENTURY CATHOLIC COLLEGE TEXTS

Preface to Poetry

BY

THEODORE MAYNARD, Litt.D.

Head of the English Department
Georgetown University

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Colonel Vigo

Vigo: A Forgotten Builder of the American Republic, by Bruno Roselli. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

MR. ROSELLI, who says that he has popularized Leptis Magna in Libia, challenges Americans and Italian-Americans to recognize the importance of Francesco Vigo (1747-1836), the Piedmontese trader, fur man, Indian agent, and resident of Vincennes, who assisted George Rogers Clark win the West during the American Revolution. Quite rightly, but somewhat intemperately, the author resents the general attitude toward Italians in this country as seen almost everywhere save in the California of Giannini, Angelo Rossi, and the old Bank of Italy. He notes the prejudice, exclusion from political places, the obstacles in the way of business, and the injuries wrought by the immigration policy. Bubbling over with racial pride and emotionalism, he asks: "Who can blame the man-in-the-street-for thinking that we Italians are just a liability for America, when we are robbed of all our heroes from Columbus down, being only credited with the American-born gangsters who happen to spring from self-respecting Italian ancestry given an inferiority complex in the New World?"

Thereupon, he attempts with a considerable degree of success, regardless of what scientifically trained historians may think of his methodology, to rediscover Colonel Vigo, who lost his fortune in the American cause, assisted in winning over the French Canadians of the Vincennes-Kaskaskia region, aided in Indian negotiations, won the love of two generations of frontiersmen, and died in noble poverty without reparation or much gratitude. In books, there is little of Vigo who served leaders including Presidents and Bishop Carroll, and when mentioned he is sometimes a Spaniard and at times a Frenchman. Italians other than Vigo were in the region, probably retired soldiers of the Carrignan regiment. The author is severe with Father Gibault, whose inconsistent career might incidentally be considered by some laborious graduate student.

Mr. Rossi has suggested an interesting field. It should be developed. Too little is known of the early Italians in America.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Bloodshed

Bengal Mutiny, by George Dangerfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

THERE is a good deal of bloodshed in Mr. Dangerfield's account of the Indian Mutiny, and timid readers are apt to start to bed with more than one glance over their shoulders. But, in the main, it is honest blood, and very often akin to the divine red fluid that courses through the veins of heroes.

Some time ago a wizened Indian lawyer with a twisted smile —he of the goats and the much-advertised spinning-wheel—was threatened with arrest by the British government. In a defiant statement he asserted that his arrest might cost a million lives. Gandhi was arrested and calm prevailed in India—a calm broken only by the impact of Moslem scimitars on Hindu pates and by Hindu cries of vengeance as Hindu knives explored Moslem interiors. Gandhi lost, in the final analysis, because racially India was not united.

Mr. Dangerfield's book shows us in convincing fashion what might happen in India if Moslem and Hindu joined hands against the British Raj. Again the result is disappointing from the Indian standpoint. With all the advantages of overwhelming numbers and of a surprise attack, the trained soldiers of India proved their utter inability to hold their lines against British troops. This is an old, old story in India, but one not

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so well known in the Western world, where swamis and glib Hindu lecturers carefully ignore certain basic facts.

In Mr. Dangerfield's pages there are heroines galore. The witty American, who stated that he preferred the American girl for every-day conversation, but that Englishwomen were ideal companions in a beleaguered fortress, spoke the truth as it concerns Englishwomen in the mutiny. There was more than a strain of the ancient Roman matron in those English wives and mothers, who, at Delhi, Cawnpore, Lucknow and a dozen other places, lived for months cheek by jowl with death and yet carefully preserved the social amenities of their race.

And the men of the mutiny! Mr. Dangerfield gives them to us "in the raw," with their shame, their incredible follies and their equally incredible valor. He tells us of the horrors of Cawnpore, of the first and second reliefs of Lucknow, of Chamberlain and Nicholson, of all the panorama of dazzling lights and gloomy shadows, that marks the most famous page in India's long annals; and he relates it all in a calm, passionless tone that carries with it conviction.

Decidedly a book worth reading!

WILL HOLLOWAY.

A Man Named Hillyer

A Lady Who Lost, by Alice Beal Parsons. New York: Gotham House. $2.50.

IF THE prophetic statement on the jacket of this book prove true and "everybody will be talking about it," my somewhat puzzled mind wonders just what everyone will find to say. As for me, I could say a great deal, but I am convinced that Mrs. Parsons's story does not warrant it.

Personally, I cannot discover, first of all, what her book is about. It seems to be the rather flimsy study of a man named Hillyer who, weary of research into science, turns his rather jaded attention toward intimate research into three types of womankind, only one of which is in any way worthy of his time and effort. Is the book the story of his moral degeneration? Yet Mrs. Parsons arouses no pity for her hero, if indeed he be a hero. Perhaps, after all, she means instead to present a situation involving the capital and the labor of a Hudson River town? Or, perhaps she is depicting with some satire provincial society and its cruel attitude toward the socially unconventional person or occurrence?

And secondly, I fail to ascertain that the book was worth doing. Mrs. Parsons has written some delicate and beautiful descriptions. They are the book's one redeeming feature. But, lovely in themselves, they are out of place in a sordid and materialistic setting, rare flowers in a dismal swamp. The thoughtful reader who knows something of life in and out of books cannot intelligently object to the most realistic of scenes if it is necessary, if it contributes to the symmetry and meaning of the whole. But since in this story there is no conceivable symmetry of meaning, one must object to scenes which obviously exist merely for their own crass sensuality.

The eighteenth-century novelist not infrequently commented on his own characters. Mrs. Parsons could have helped out in this way, enlightening the reader as to her own sympathies. But, lacking this assistance and recalling scene after scene of the most crude excitement, I am again provoked to ask with Coleridge: "What is she trying to do? Is it worth doing?" In all kindness, the answer to the first question must be, "It is impossible to tell," and to the second, "Alas! I fear not."

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

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Briefer Mention

The Stuart Pretenders, by Sir Charles Petrie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50

DURING May, 1660, the English watched Charles II take office as king, after a military and parliamentary government had well-nigh ruined the nation. Therewith began a romantic but sullied history of Stuart effort to rule, which did not close until 1807. The religious, economic and social life of the English people were involved in the struggle, which likewise implicated the Papacy as well as various Continental sovereigns. Beyond any question, James lost the throne because he refused to dilute his Catholic faith. But he was also in several respects an ill-starred monarch. Occasionally a better fortune seemed about to smile on his successors—notably Charles Edward—but at the critical moment all went wrong. Finally nothing was left of a once gallant cause excepting a drunken if gallant prince, a Cardinal of the Church, and a project to establish a Stuart on the throne of what are now the United States. Sir Charles Petrie tells the story fairly and with no religious bias. His is a well-written book which, in addition to being based upon source materials, is sufficiently modern to evaluate properly economic circumstances which influenced the outcome of the Stuart adventure. The portrait of Charles II sketched here seems definitive, and no other book on the same theme contains so many excellent biographical sketches.

What Is American? by Frank Ernest Hill. New York: The John Day Company. $2.00.

THIS is a brief rationalization of what the author believes to be the characteristics of the average modern American citizen. He means, as a matter of fact, though he never states this with emphasis, the North American, and his norm is a New Englander. So he is quite obsessed with Puritanism. Much of what Mr. Hill identifies with Puritanism, however, can be found all over the world under the title of provincialism. He states probably his most enlightening common demoninator for Americans in a quotation from Bernard Faÿ: "America has shown a surprising ability to discard outworn methods and take up new ones, a genuine gift for adapting itself to new circumstances. . . . It has invented modern mass production, but it may very well be the country to abandon it." Admitting this, as Mr. Hill does, there would seem to remain only truisms of local significance, matters of proportion in a complete America which cannot realistically be forced into the mold of a composite American.

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